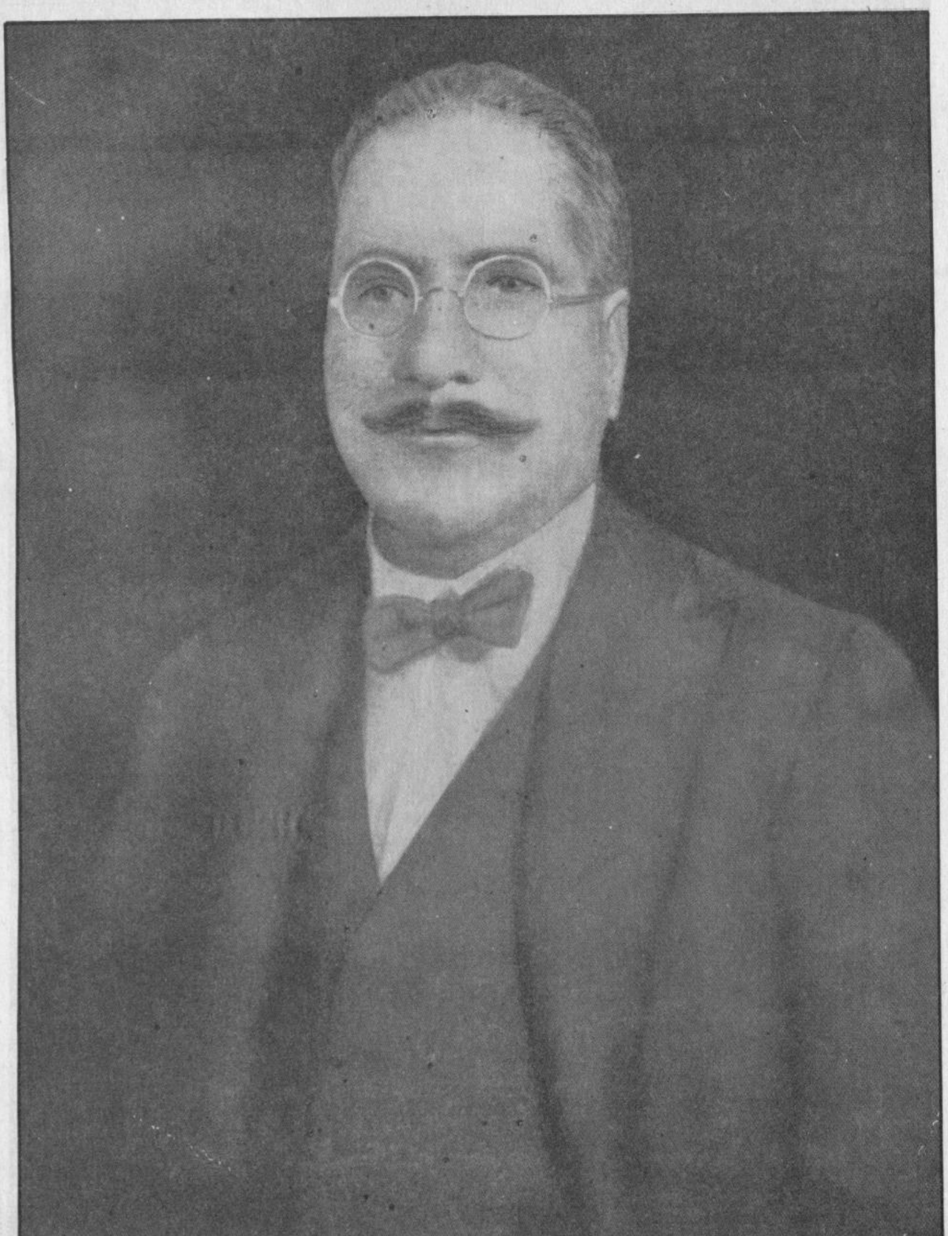
DR.MUHAMMAD IQBAL:

THE HUMANIST

A reassessment of the poetry and personality of the poet - philosopher of the East

PROF. S. G. ABBAS

God has chosen









DR.MUHAMMAD IQBAL:

THE HUMANIST

A reassessment of the poetry and personality of the poet - philosopher of the East

PROF. S. G. ABBAS

IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN



Publisher : Muhammad Suheyl Umar
Director,
IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN
6th Floor, Aiwan -i- Iqbal, Lahore.

First Edition : 1997

Quantity : 1000

Price : [redacted] US $ 15

Printed at : Tayyab Iqbal Printers, Lahore.

ISBN 969—416—030—8

Head Office : 6th Fioor, Aiwan-i-Iqbal Lahore. Ph : 6314510
Sales Office : 116-McLeod Road, Lahore. Ph : 7357214



CONTENTS





Dr. Iqbal, The Poet of Humanity:

Husain Nasser

(I)

In the galaxy of the Urdu poetry, Sir Muhammad Iqbal who subsequently came to be known as Allama* Iqbal or poet-philosopher of the East, stands out as one of the most luminous luminaries. Compared to many prominent poets of Urdu like Mir Taqi Mir, Mir Anis, Sauda, Dagh Dehlavi, Momin, Haali, Akbar Allahabadi and Josh Malihabadi, etc., Mirza Ghalib has continued to inspire and influence the succeeding generations. Though Allama Iqbal himself was profoundly influenced by the poetry of Ghalib, it is indeed an established fact that the impact of Iqbal's poetry has been equally tremendous upon the posterity. Whereas Ghalib and Iqbal are poles apart in their approach and appeal, both of them share a common destiny of being extremely popular in the Urdu-knowing world. Like William Shakespeare, Mirza Ghalib yet remains in the annals of Urdu poetry unrivalled and unsurpassed for the richness of his imagination and universality of his thought. That is why each of his couplet

* A man of immlnent learning; an exceptionally learned person.



is so much so pregnant with deep thought and almost each couplet is so multi-faceted or multi-dimensional in its meaning that an interpreter is very likely to be lost in the maze of the poet's thought. The key-note of Allama Iqbal's poetry is the profundity of his philosophy which is inherent in each of his couplet or verse.

Beyond doubt, poetry is basically and essentially a divine gift to man. That's why everyone cannot be a good and great poet, although each human being is endowed with the faculty of appreciating poetry according to his or her power of comprehension and educational attainments. In the same way, a poet is not a prophet. But for his search for truth, for bold as well as prophetic utterances, he is very close to a prophet. Every poet does not enjoy as exalted a position so as to be close to the prophet as each type of versification is not great poetry. By a great poet, I mean poets of the stature of Dante, Virgil, Homer, Sophocles, Hafiz, Firdousi, Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Kalidas, Mir Anis, Mirza Ghalib, Allama Iqbal and Rabindra Nath Tagore. The foremost quality of great poetry is that it moves the heart instantly and that its effect is lasting. Schiller, an eminent German poet, truly said:

> **"Poetry ought to go straight to the heart, because it has come from the heart; and aims at the man in the citizen, and not the citizen in the man".**



As said earlier, poetry is a God-gifted talent and composition of first-rate poetry is but a rare quality among the poets too. Great poetry, as the criterion set by Schiller, **"ought to go straight to the heart."** Truly speaking, the poetry of Dr. Muhammad Iqbal touches the hearts' chords but it is a potent tonic for the mind as well. Although like the Romantic poets of England, Iqbal also composed poems on trivial topics such as "Mountain and Squirrel", he lent dignity to these topics which ordinary people regard less important. To such trite topics only a poet of his calibre, erudition and stature could pulsate with life.

Matthaw Arnold, a major Victorian poet of England, defined poetry as **"the criticism of life"**. Thus, it is a serious avocation. But to further charge it with philosophical overtones and that too in such an appreciable manner that the composition becomes neither abstruse nor dry is indeed a singular characteristic of Iqbal's poetry. It is because of this reason that he is called the poet-philosopher of East. Another striking quality of his poetry is that it is not only penetrating to the heart of the reader or listener but it has a sublimating and ennobling effect.The degree of sublimating effect upon the readers or listeners of Iqbal's poetry is according to their power of comprehension. But one thing is certain. Almost every reader of Iqbal's poetry is in a state of perpetual awe and each reader is convinced that a poet of the stature of Iqbal is born after centuries. Beyond doubt, in the annals of the Urdu poetry, he occupies such a prominent place which is second to none's.



(II)

Mohammad Iqbal was born at Sialkot, a border town in the Pakistani Punjab. This town is now known for high quality of its sports and surgical goods, exported to countries all over the world. According to thc latest research, he was born on 9th November, 1877. His ancestors hailed from Kashmir. They were high-caste Brahmins. His grand-father, out of his own free will, had come to the fold of Islam.

Iqbal received his early education in his own home town. After passing the Matriculation Examination, the young man moved to Lahore in 1895 for furtherance of his studies. He passed his M.A. in 1899 from the University of Punjab. The same year, Iqbal joined the Oriental College, Lahore, as Professor of Arabic. Later on, he served the prestigious Government College, Lahore, as Professor. In 1905, he left for England for higher studies. In London, he received a law degree. In 1908, he was awarded a doctoral degree by the University of Munich, Germany, on his thesis entitled "Development of Metaphysics in Persia". The same year, he came back to India

Allama Iqbal is generally known as an eminent poet, but poetry was one of his many accomplishments. He was well versed in philosophy, both Oriental and Occidental. After having returned from England, he started his career as a barrister. As a barrister, he had no roaring practice, because he entertained only that case about whose legitimacy he was fully



convinced. For a term from 1926 till 1929, Sir Mohammad Iqbal remained a Member of Punjab Legislative Council. He was elected President of the Punjab Branch of All-India Muslim League and held that post till his death in 1938. In 1930, he presided over the historic meeting of All-India Muslim League at Allahabad, a major town of historical importance in India. In his presidential address, Dr. Iqbal said:

> **"India is a continent of human groups belonging to different races, speaking different languages and believing in different religions. Their behaviour is not governed by a common race feeling. These groups are all separate nations. The principle of European democracy cannot be applied to India without recognising the fact of different groups. The Muslim demand to create a Muslim India within India is in no way without justice. For my part, I would like to go one step forward; I would like to see the Punjab, North-West Frontier Province, Sindh and Baluchistan united under a single Muslim State ......"**

Whereas Nature was extremely bountiful to Iqbal in certain other aspects of life, he was exceptionally fortunate too in the availability of teachers of very high calibre. At Sialkot's High School fromwhere Iqbal had matriculated, he got a really learned and devoted teacher in the person of Syed Meer Hasan.



Besides being an acknowledged scholar of Arabic and Persian, Syed Meer Hasan was a great master of Prosody. The teacher not only laid the foundations of the Arabic and the Persian languages on solid ground, but he instilled into his pupil a passion for poetry. At the Government College, Lahore, Iqbal had the good fortune of coming into contact with Professor Arnold who was Professor of Philosophy at that College. Apart from being a man of profound learning, Professor Arnold had an innate love for Islam. He had been associated with Aligarh Muslim University for a number of years. There too, the influence of his radiating personality was significant not only upon the students but upon the almamater as a whole. Prof. Arnold was an exponent of Allama Shibli's School of Thought. In shaping out Iqbal's personality, the contribution of the Professor was remarkable. In Lahore too, Iqbal came in close contact with Allama Hirvi, a great Persian religious scholar. In London, Iqbal enjoyed the love and confidence of Dr. Mac Taggart, Prof. Brown and Dr. Nicholson. All the three were great scholars in their fields of learning. Whereas Prof. Brown had great expectations with his young student, Dr. Nicholson was so impressed by the poetic genius of his exceptionally talented pupil that he translated **'Asrar-e-Khudi'** into English known as 'The Secrets of Self'.

(III)

When Allama Iqbal dawned on the horizon of the Urdu poetry, Nawab Mirza known as Daagh Dehlavi as the poet



was at the peak of his fame throughtout the Sub-continent. Iqbal was much impressed by Daagh's poetry and his way of recitation. The young poet therefore requested Daagh to accept him into his tutelage. Daagh gladly accepted to be Iqbal's guide. Iqbal therefore sent a few poems by post to his mentor after which Daagh wrote to his pupil that he needed no further guidance. Very like Daagh, Allama Iqbal was highly impressed by the poetry of Mirza Ghalib: the reason being that both possessed almost identical mental prowess, penetrating insight and high degree of intellect. Iqbal delved deep into the poetry of Ghalib so as to enrich the esoteric meaning of his poetry, his imagery and poetic vision. In London, Allama Iqbal went through extensively the works of some of the English poets. In the English poetry, apart from William Shakespeare, the Metaphysical poets such as John Donne and the Romantic poets such as Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and Byron had fascinated him. Gray's 'Elegy' was an inspiring force for him. As Shakespeare is the poet of all ages, therefore none can afford to ignore him for the universality of his thought and richness of his imagination. Coleridge had an appeal for the super-natural element in his poetry; Shelley and Byron had great attraction for the young poet because of their revolutionary spirit and message. In Keats' Odes lay the charm of music and cadence. During his stay in Germany, Iqbal had studied the works of eminent German poets. He was much impressed by the poetry of Goethe. That is why in his poetry, he has oft quoted him and has paid glowing tributes to him. Similarly, among the major Persian poets such as Saadi, Roomi, Urfi



etc, Iqbal was inspired most by Hafiz Shirazi. As to Goethe, he also paid rich compliments to Hafiz of Shiraz.

Allama Iqbal devoted himself to the composition of Persian poetry for the primary reason that Persian language was deeply rooted into his nature. The credit goes to his teacher, Syed Meer Hasan and to Allama Hirvi who created in the poet such a passion for that language and its poetry. Secondly, as compared to Urdu, Persian is a much richer language. There exist in it idioms, phrases and expressions which could afford to bear the weight of his profound philosophy as well as metaphysics. Thirdly, the medium of Persian language helped his message spread over a wider area. In this context Ayatullah Syed Ali Khamnai, the spiritual leader and former President of the Islamic Republic of Iran, says:

> **"To me Iqbal's Persian works are also among the miracles of poetry. In our literature, there are many non-Iranian Persian poets but none of them can be pointed out to have the peculiarities of Iqbal in poetry. Iqbal was unacquainted with Persian conversation and usage and used to talk in Urdu or English in his home and with his friends. Iqbal was not familiar with Persian composition and prose, and his Persian prose has the same interpretations, which he has used in early parts of 'Asrar-e-Khudi' and 'Romooz-i-Bekhudi'. And you know that it is difficult even for**



Persian-knowing people to understand them. Iqbal had not studied Persian in his school in his young days and spoke Urdu in his father's home. Therefore, he selected Persian because he felt that his thoughts and subject matter could not be moulded into Urdu. So he learnt Persian. He learnt Persian from the poetic collections of Saadi and Hafiz, the Mathnavi of Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi and the works of Indian poets like Urfi, Nazeeri and Ghalib of Delhi and others. Although he had neither lived in a Persian environment nor had studied in Persian institutions and was not in the company of Persian-speaking people, he presented the most ingenious, the most difficult the most rare and acute subjects in the mould of his long (and some very elegant) poems. In my opinion this is a very high poetic talent and competence ....."*

(IV)

Though used symbolically, 'Khudi' (Self) and 'Shaheen' (Falcon) act as an edifice for a good deal of Iqbal's poetry. It was through 'Self' that he laid the foundations of a philosophy.

* Iqbal, the High Star of The East, Syed Ali Khamnai, Pages 6-7, Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore, 1994.



By repeatedly using the word 'Self' and by stressing upon it, Iqbal not only wanted to create consciousness among his readers but he wanted the optimum realization or sublimation of 'Self' for the greater glory of the individual and the society. In his view, 'Self' meant understanding and realization of personality. i.e. self-recognition. But he projected that idea in a philosophical way. The poet first visualized the concept of 'Self' as a revolutionary thought and presented it as a philosophy later on. Though some people believe that Iqbal's concept of 'Self' is borrowed from the theory of 'Wahdat-ul-Wajood' or 'Wahadat-ul-Shahood' ('Unity in Plurality' or 'Plurality in Unity') the fact remains that so vivid and forceful was the presentation of that concept that it appeared as an original philosophy of the poet and not a borrowed concept. Further, not only the Muslims of India in those days but the whole Muslim world presented such a bleak and gloomy picture that Iqbal's concept of 'Self' was regarded as the remedy of all maladies.

According to Iqbal, 'Self' surmounts every thing. The recognition of 'Self' is the recognition of the entire universe. It is only after the realization of one's own 'Self' that the real meaning of existence may impinge upon consciousness. In fact, the recognition of 'Self' is the gate-way to the noble objectives of existence. An objective can only be translated into reality when there is a yearning. Thus, the realization of an objective and the stirrings of yearning are the by-products of the recognition of 'Self'. It is for this reason that Iqbal says:



"To yearn for something and to try to achieve it is itself an ideal, otherwise life will change into death".

Thus, to Iqbal recognition of 'Self' means a life fraught with meaning, purpose and ideal; without recognition of 'Self' life is dreariness, deceit, decay and finally death. Similarly, according to the poet-philosopher of East, the heart which cannot create a yearning or a burning desire, is sick and diseased. Yearning is therefore the soul of the world and the pearl inside the Nature's mother of pearl. In this way, yearning is the creator of every thing. It has given birth to knowledge, civilization, literature, poetry, arts and crafts, systems and customs: in fact to every thing which is shaped out by human endeavours.

In the philosophy of Iqbal, after the realization of 'Self' the streams of Love gush out. Truly speaking, Love is the very essence of life, it's that nectar of life which is sure to obliterate death. At one place, the poet says:

عشق دمِ جبرئیل، عشق دلِ مصطفیٰ

"Love is Gabriel's pinion, Love is Mustafa's heart".

Love is that lotion which heals all wounds. It is because of this reason that Iqbal considers love essential not only for each individual but for the entire human society. To the poet, 'Self' itself can never be stabilized without this elemental

passion. Love is therefore the sum total in the life of an individual or a nation. It is the very axis on which the whole world rotates. That is why the poet calls it as *"the Lord's expression"*. When Love is the very utterance of Almighty God and it is the very purpose of 'the Genesis of Creation', of all the creatures, the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.) is the most exalted being not as the seal of all the prophets but as the most perfect being, therefore he is the focal point of all Love. Only then God, the Glorious, and the Greatest lover of Mohammad (p.b.u.h) will bestow upon this world His infinite mercies and glories. For Iqbal, the very being of the Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h.) is a perpetual beacon-light and his name is sufficient to illumine the dark corridors of the entire world provided Love is engendered in the breast of the whole of human race for the Messenger of God in its purest and sincerest form.

Another symbol which is repeatedly used in the poetry of Iqbal is that of a falcon. A falcon is a hunting bird of a rare quality. Besides swift in action, it possesses such a power of perception that its aim never goes amiss. Of all the winged creatures, it has got the highest and longest range of flight. Thus, in the world of fowls, it is perhaps the only bird which knows the secret of survival and by virtue of its faculties, it is the fittest one to survive. Iqbal believes that the falcon has been able to develop such faculties and talents because in the first place it has been aware of its own 'Self'. Therefore, the poet stresses upon that, for an individual or a nation, recognition of 'Self' is a matter of absolute necessity otherwise that individual or nation will not be able to retain freedom for a long time and will become a prey soon.



Secondly, the falcon, through concerted endeavours, has made itself capable of surviving in this cruel and callous world because, after the realization of 'Self' the meaning and purpose of life is fully manifested to it. It is for this reason that a falcon is reckoned as a force in the world of fowls.

(V)

Such was the impact of Iqbal's poetry on the Muslim masses of the Sub-continent that they achieved Pakistan, a separate homeland for themselves, irrespective of sufferings and sacrifices, hardly a decade had elapsed after his death. Such was the magnetic effect of his poetry not upon the educated people but upon the illiterate masses too that many couplets of his poems became catch-words and axioms in the Urdu language. His diction and his style came to be established as the recognised norm of the Urdu poetry. There is no denying the fact that the hold of Mirza Ghalib's poetry upon the Urdu-knowing masses is tremendous but in his poetry's magnetic effect, Iqbal is second to none.

As a student, very like millions of young men of my days, I had a good deal of fascination for Iqbal's poetry, so much so that his poetry became an integral part of my whole being. Later on, when I started composing poems, much of my own poetry was an echo of his poetry. The critics of my poetry have very often raised this objection that my poetic compositions bear the stamp of Iqbal's poetry. In fact, I have been striving for long to cast off the spell of Iqbal so as to develop independently my own flair and diction, but since the Allama's

poetry has become an inseparable part of my life, I therefore find it difficult to free myself of my moorings as the impressions of early stage of life are lasting and cannot altogether be dispelled.

During the past decades, much has been written on the poetic genius of the poet-philosopher of East, and much more will be written in future. Iqbal is regarded as one of the architects of this country. In other words, it is said that translation of a long cherished dream of Pakistan into a living reality was the result of the spell of the poetry of Dr. Iqbal's realization of the dream of an ideal and welfare state. About 50 years of the existance of Pakistan have elapsed. How far Iqbal's dreams are realized in this country, it is a sad and sordid story. It is also said that the poetry of Iqbal was a clarion call for the Muslims of the Sub-continent. It awakened the slumbering Muslims who were despondently in the vortex of sloth and inertia. Therefore, Iqbal was regarded as a messiah of the Muslims and his poetry as a tonic for the greater glory of Islam. Like millions of my countrymen, I had this notion with regard to the great poet and his poetry but for Professor S.G. Abbas whose approach to the poetry of Allama Iqbal brought about a change in my outlook and vision and when I recited the poems of the Allama in the light of the perception of the learned Professor, I started feeling that I had subsequently a better understanding and interpretation of the works of the poet. In the considered opinion of Prof. Abbas, Allama Iqbal was basically and essentially the poet of humanity and through the medium of his poetry he upheld the cause of the Muslims not because of the fact that he himself was



a Muslim but because the Muslims all over the world were then the most exploited and oppressed people. The rebel in Iqbal was so moved by the plight of the Muslims that he could not restrain himself from championing their cause. It is an acknowledged fact that his addresses were mostly to Muslims whom he wanted to awaken and activate so as to set them free from the yoke of slavery and oppression. But in many of his revolutionary verses which are ahead of his time, the addresses are not to the Muslims but all those who stand exploited and oppressed.

Thus, Iqbal's poetry was not only a clarion-call against injustice, tyranny, oppression and sufferings of a class in his own days but it is a potential protest for all ages, irrespective of caste, creed, colour or clime. As a matter of fact, his poetry can still animate all those and it may prove a powerful tonic for them who are subjected to exploitation, tyranny and oppression.

Beyond doubt, it is a great weapon against aggression. As regards the themes of some of his poems which are Islamic in their character or the poems which concern with the Muslims, Iqbal is not the only poet in whose subject-matter his co-religionists have figured up. In fact, John Milton's most of the poetry depicts Christianity and Christian themes. The great play entitled 'Shakuntala' of Kalidas is written in the background of Hinduism and yet it is a great work of art. If William Shakespeare, the greatest literary monarch of England, has created an immortal character in the person of Shylock, it does not mean that he hated the Jews. The



truth is that just as an artist is a product of his time, similarly he is a representative of his culture. Iqbal was no exception.

This is in fact a new dimension of Iqbal's poetry which is manifested to me, though at a belated stage. But better now than never. It is for this reason that I have given an assurance to Prof. Abbas for the publication of this book in a befitting manner so that we may present it before the world community, thereby dispelling the doubts from the minds of such men and women who are prone to think that Allama Iqbal's poetry was meant for the Muslims alone and not for any other community. It is a matter of great delight for me that Muhammad Suheyl Umar, Director of Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore, who is a great authority on the works of Dr. Iqbal, is kind enough to have responded favourably for the publication of this book. The way Prof. Abbas has metrically rendered into English 22 poems of the poet-philosopher of the East and the way he has interpreted the philosophy and gospel of this great man in the light of his own perception, limelighting therein that Iqbal was never a fundamentalist in the modern phraseology, but he was a lover of mankind as a whole, especially a champion of the tormented ones, is indeed a commendable effort and as such it deserves to be published by no other forum but by Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore.

As an established author, Prof. Abbas has written a large number of books. Some of his rare books are: *Dr. Mahmood Husain: Aik Idara, Aik Tehreek; The Rubaiyat of Mir Anis; TOEFL; Higher English Grammar for Competitive*



Examinations; The Immortal Poetry & Mir Anis. Each of these books is highly-appreciated by readers. He has been associated with my organization known as Mustafain & Murtazain for several years. He edited the book entitled "Hamari Manzil" authored by Syed Hashim Raza, a renowned Civil Officer of a very high calibre, in such a beautiful way that it was awarded Ist prize by the Government of Pakistan and it stood 6th in merit for the award of the Commowealth countries. Similarly, Prof. Abbas edited another book named "An Intellectual Approach To Islam" by late Allama Abbas Haider Abidi, a well known religious scholar and speaker. That book too earned a good deal of applause.

Prof. Abbas is presently working as Principal & Professor of English at a local college in Karachi. He has also taught in England, Turkey and Saudi Arabia. As a widely-travelled person, he has got an opportunity to study different cultures of the world. Since travel is an important source of education, therefore it has helped him a lot in increasing his knowledge and widening his vision. Although an accomplished author, Prof. Abbas never boasts about his single book, but from the point of view of craftsmanship of this book, especially the prosody of English, he feels that it is a great achievement to be proud of. In fact, such is the spell of Iqbal's poetry that it has kept on haunting our predecessors, it has continued to haunt us and it will continue to haunt the coming generations.



Dr. Iqbal's poetry is like an unfathomable sea and only a few divers have so far been able to reach the bottom. With the passage of time, there will be novel interpretations. Iqbal was not an individual; but in his own self, he was an institution, nay an epoch. To quote one of his couplets in his own context:

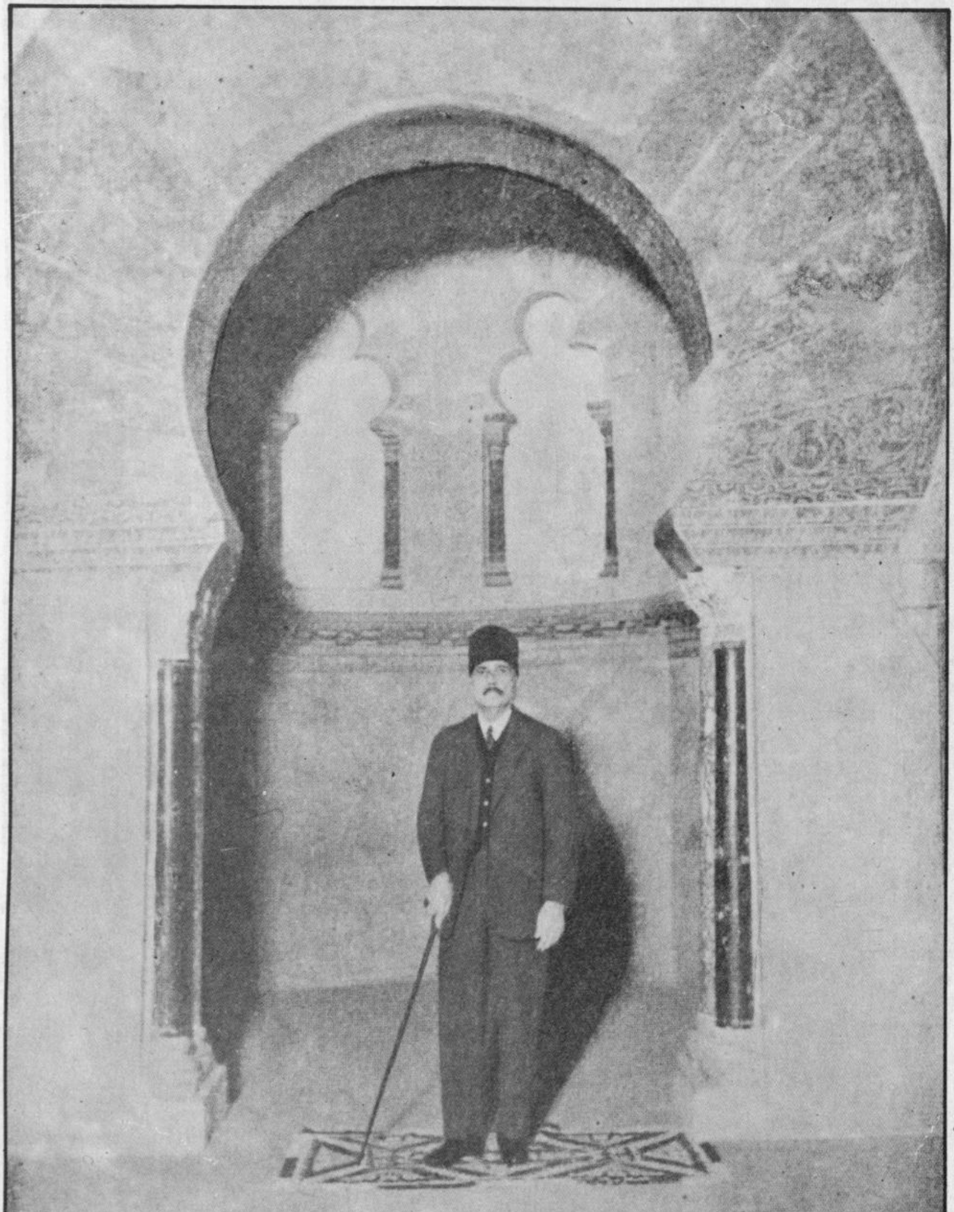
ہزاروں سال نرگس اپنی بے نوری پہ روتی ہے

بڑی مشکل سے ہوتا ہے چمن میں دیدہ ور پیدا

For centuries, narcissus sheds tears on its own blight,

In an orchard is born rarely, a man of insight.

After this book dawns on the horizon, I hope that the poetry of Allama Iqbal will be viewed from a new angle and our learned scholars will try to understand and evaluate the poet from a different dimension. The need of the hour is to rediscover Iqbal in his true perspective and not to keep him confined to a narrow limit. In fact, Iqbal is a common heritage of the whole humanity and his message should be allowed to reach uninterrupted and unhindered to all the citizens of the world.








Dedicated to
the lovers ,the Promoters and the Servers of humanity
all over the world .



Dedicated to
the lovers, the Promoters and the Servers of humanity
all over the world



PREMISE

Though much has been written on the poetry of Dr. Iqbal, in my opinion, his commentators and critics have so far not been able to do full justice or make a fair assessment of the poetry of this great poet. As most of these commentators and critics were Muslims, therefore while studying the works of Iqbal and analysing them subsequently, their Muslim instinct was at work. They thus drew the conclusion that the dominant theme in the Allama's poetry was Islam and he was basically and essentially the poet of the Muslims. When studied superficially, his work may give that impression. The true picture is altogether different. In the first place, great and lasting poetry transcends all barriers of caste, creed and colour. Secondly, a poet of the stature of Dr. Iqbal could never be so partisan in his outlook as to restrict his poetry to a particular group based on religion or ethnicity. Thirdly, Iqbal was born and brought up in India where men of different faiths had been living and co-existing with each other for centuries. Fourthly, the poet received his higher education in England



and Germany. His Christian Professors used to treat him most affectionately and, in building his personality, they had a definite role. Iqbal was, beyond doubt, a man of imminent learning and of broad vision and it is inconceivable of a man of such imminent learning and broad vision to ignore all others and plead the case of his co-religionists alone. Viewed superficially, Iqbal's poetry does give an impression that he has championed the cause of the Muslims at very many places in his poetry but a dispassionate study of his works reveals that the poet made Muslims the theme of his poetry not because that he professed the same faith but because the Muslims were the worst victims of exploitation and aggression in those days. Thus, by depicting the agony of the Muslims in his works, he did project the most exploited class.

Before 20 years of the birth of the poet, though the War of Independence in India was ruthlessly curbed by the British Imperialists, its traces were yet visible. The worst sufferers were indeed the Muslims. As the British had grabbed power from the Muslim rulers, therefore the Muslims were subjected to maltreatment in every sphere of life. They were politically ostracized, economically debilitated and socially frowned upon. As a young man, the poet must have felt about the shabby treatment meted out to the Muslims. That was the gloomy picture of the Indian Muslims. But in other Muslim-dominated areas of the world, their condition was not much different. Persia's past glories had faded and she had ceased to exercise



any kind of influence on the Muslim world. Egypt too had lost her pristine lustre. The Ottoman Empire, existing for centuries over a vast area of the Muslim world and wielding a great power, was inwardly eroded to such an extent that it was on the verge of total collapse. The Arabs had become deadly against the very institution of Caliphate. Turkey was called 'The sick man of Europe'. The Muslims were sunk in the abyss of squalid misery, ignorance, strife, despondence and deprivation. There was darkness all around them, and there appeared no ray of hope.

As a young man of exceptional talents, to Iqbal his future did not appear brilliant and promising because his father was a man of limited means. Though God-fearing, every inch an upright man and devoted to his avocation, he too was hard hit by the changed times. But despite the difficult days, the father had a conviction that his son would be an extra-ordinary man. His conviction, according to a narrative, was based on a dream. When Iqbal was about to be born, his father saw a beautiful, white-coloured pigeon perched on his shoulder. As in the East, a pigeon is a symbol of learning and piety, therefore the dream transpired a babe of exceptional talents.

The late 19th century was a period of epoch-making currents and cross-currents. No doubt that most of the global territory was still under the domination of the Britishers, so much so that it was said that the sun never set in the British Empire, but Britain's hold had started slackening. The



imperialist powers of Europe had grown fantastically rich partly as a result of boons of the industrial Revolution and partly because of enormous gains which they had gained from their colonies. But underneath the palpable glow of prosperity, many social problems had cropped up. Family ties were broken, the European woman had become unbridled. Promiscuity in sex came to be considered a relative term. As most of the 19th century scientists and social philosophers did not believe in the existence of God, therefore religion itself, established for centuries, was under attack and after the publication of "Origin of Species" a book written by Charles Darwin, millions of men in Europe had become atheists. God was replaced by Mammon and religion by "Dialectical Materialism". Whereas in the social field, the Victorian Age was the age of strife and turmoil, in the field of religion, it was the age of doubt, agnosticism and atheism. On the economic front, the long-existing theory of "Laissez faire" had ceased to function in a proper way on a account of rivalries and economic clashes among the then powers at command. It gave birth to nationalism which did not take a long time to transform into jingoism. Capitalism came to be established as an order of the day. To negate the baneful effects of Capitalism, dissenting voices started pleading for Socialism and Communism. Karl Marx provided sufficient material for the growth of Communism by writing "Das Capital". It ultimately paved way for the Bolshevik Revloution in Russia in 1917. The institution



of kingship, existing for ages, was regarded nothing short of a curse and to replace that mode, a new system called 'democracy' was eked out. Whether or not democracy was suited and beneficial to people, especially to the people of the Third World countries, but for at least psychological satisfaction, masses were regarded as the ultimate source of power and they were to be governed by their own elected representatives.

The conceptual changes of vital importance had taken place in almost all spheres of life but those changes had mostly occured in Europe. As regards Afro-Asian countries, most of the peoples were in the chain of slavery. Since they were not the masters of their own fate, therefore they had no say in the matters, although they were greatly influenced by the course of events. Of all the forces newly unleashed, the orgy of nationalism proved the most potent force which loomed large all over the world. Iqbal had a comprehensive view of all the revolutionary changes and could not remain indifferent to the fast-changing scenario of the world. As a result of that, he was considerably influenced by nationalism but his nationalism was the innate love of a good-natured man for his mother-land. In fact, love for one's own country is a natural instinct and a heart bereft of patriotism is verily a dead heart. But soon Iqbal realised the way the frenzy of nationalism was whipped; it was crude ethnicity and linguistic prejudice. The claim of Nitcheze's 'Super-man' or 'Chosen creature of God' confirmed his doubts. Iqbal never approved such a nationalism



which would cause bloodshed and sufferings of humanity on such a colossal scale. The Ist World War was a big operation theatre in which millions of men were mercilessly massacred only to satisfy the false pride of a few so-called world leaders. As the War had brought in its wake uprecendented devastation of man and material, and nationalism was one of the major causes for the outbreak of the War, Iqbal was therefore thoroughly disenchanted with it. The poet who had composed once the 'Indian Anthem' in which the opening lines were:

سارے جہاں سے اچھا ہندوستاں ہمارا   ہم بلبلیں ہیں اس کی یہ گلستاں ہمارا

Beloved India is, better than the whole world,

We are its nightingales, it is our orchard.

was disillusioned as nationalism subsequently proved a negation of mankind as a whole.

Iqbal therefore ceased to be nationalist in his outlook, because he considered nationalism not a feeling worthy of cultivation as it ultimately gave birth to petty, narrow and selfish considerations, throttling the cosmopolitan outlook and proving detrimental to the interests of humanity as a whole.

Dr. Iqbal was, like thousands of conscientious Muslims all over the world, much pained at the way the Jews were



persecuted in Germany and other parts of Europe. It was in fact the genocide of Jewish community. In the name of nationalism, hundred thousands of the Jews were done to death for no fault of theirs except that they belonged to a community against which mass hatred was deliberately created. In Germany alone, more than half a million Jews were mercilessly killed through a special device of 'gas-killing'. It was a callous, cruel and indiscriminate murder of millions of innocent people, including women and children too; for which, except frenzy and sheer madness, no cogent explanation could be given.

Europe, the then hot-bed of nationalism, was passing through different phases of her evolution. In the opinion of Dr. Iqbal, nationalism of Europe was but a fleeting phase, and like other momentous events, that surge had to recede in the larger interest of peace, progress and prosperity of the entire human race. Citing the past epochs of Europe, Iqbal wrote:

دیکھ چکا المنی، شورش اصلاح دیں

جس نے نہ چھوڑے کہیں نقش کہن کے نشاں

Germany's Reformation, stirred big commotion,
No traces it has left, for one to descry.



حرفِ غلط بن گئی عصمتِ پیرِ کنشت

اور ہوئی فکر کی کشتیِ نازک رواں

Of the holy priest, loose was sanctity's tie,
Reason reigned supreme, other modes became wry.

چشمِ فرانسیس بھی دیکھ چکی انقلاب

جس سے دگرگوں ہوا مغربیوں کا جہاں

Echoed reverberation. of French Revolution,
Shaken was the Western world, vigourless to vie.

ملتِ رومی نژاد کہنہ پرستی سے پیر

لذتِ تجدید سے وہ بھی ہوئی پھر جواں

The Empire called Roman, steeped in corruption,
With learning's revival, prospects were high.

Like the realization of 'Self', 'Love' is the dominant theme in Iqbal's poetry. 'Love' in fact transcends all barriers and, as a feeling, it's the noblest and the purest, creating an ever-lasting bondage not only between God and man but between man and man too. Love is not only a negation of



hatred but a mitigation of all man-made distinctions such as caste, creed and colour or geographical limits of a country known as boundaries. As a matter of fact, the caravan of human life has started from Adam and Eve and therefore all the human beings, irrespective of the land they live in, the faith they profess, the colour of their skin, customs and traditions, are the sons and daughters of Adam, and as such, they share a common heritage. In this vast and variegated world, love and love alone is the binding factor. It is a universal feeling which is reciprocated and understood in all parts of the world without any distinction of race or religion. Therefore, Iqbal said:

عشق کی تقویم میں عصرِ رواں کے سوا

اور زمانے بھی ہیں جن کا نہیں کوئی نام

In the Love's almanac, save the present age,
Nameless other ages, for their recollection.

عشق دمِ جبرئیل، عشق دلِ مصطفیٰؐ

عشق خدا کا رسول، عشق خدا کا کلام

Love is Gabriel's Revelation, Mustafa's heart is Love,
Love is God's Messenger, Love is Lord's Assertion.



عشق کی مستی سے ہے پیکرِ گِل تابناک
عشق ہے صہبائے خام، عشق ہے کاس الکرام

With elixir of Love, clay's essence radiant,
Love is pure wine, Love is fortune's flexion.

عشق فقیہِ حرم، عشق امیرِ جنود
عشق ہے ابن السبیل، اس کے ہزاروں مقام

Love is pulpit's preacher, Love is legion's leader,
Love is way-farer, with many a digression.

عشق کے مضراب سے نغمۂ تارِ حیات
عشق سے نورِ حیات، عشق سے نارِ حیات

Love is heart's plectrum, its string life entire,
Love is life's light, Love is life's fire.

As a poet of the exploited and oppressed class, Iqbal repeatedly used 'Self' as a symbol so as to infuse in the crest-fallen the spirit of courage and the feeling of hope. Further, the poet was a great advocate of the 'dignity of man' and 'dignity of labour'. The dignity of man, according to Iqbal,



could be preserved and enhanced by the realisation of one's 'Self', and the higher was promotion of 'Self' the greater in degree would grow the dignity of man, with all the more prospects of emancipation from the sordid chains of servitude of manifold kinds. Thus, Iqbal stressed:

خودی کے نگہباں کو ہے زہرِ ناب　　　وہ ناں جس سے جاتی رہے اس کی آب

To guard of 'Self', Venom, is that bread,
Which causes disgrace, and lowers head.

وہی ناں ہے اس کے لیے ارجمند　　　رہے جس سے دُنیا میں گردن بلند

If 'Self' preserved, blessed is that bread,
That one which keeps, erect his head.

فرِ فالِ محمود سے درگزر　　　خُودی کو نگہ رکھ ، ایازی نہ کر

Ignore majesty of the master,
Sustain 'Self', shun slavery's way faster.



In the same poem entitled "To The Cup-bearer", Allama Iqbal has defined 'Self' in the following couplets:

یہ موجِ نفَس کیا ہے، تلوار ہے　　خودی کیا ہے، تلوار کی دھار ہے

What is life's current?, but a sword,
What is 'Self'?, the edge of a sword.

خودی کیا ہے، رازِ درونِ حیات　　خودی کیا ہے، بیداریِ کائنات

What is 'Self'?, life's heart secret,
What is 'Self'?, awakening's all fret.

خودی جلوہ بدمست و خلوت پسند　　سمندر ہے اک بوند پانی میں بند

Sight - drunk, crazy for solitude,
In a drop, ocean's plenitude.

ازل اس کے پیچھے، ابد سامنے　　نہ حد اس کے پیچھے، نہ حد سامنے

Its beginning precedes, follows end,
Limitless it is, at each end.



زمانے کے دریا میں بہتی ہوئی ستم اس کی موجوں کے سہتی ہوئی

Ever-flowing , in Time's river,
For waves' buffets, it has liver,

تجسس کی راہیں بدلتی ہوئی دمادم نگاہیں بدلتی ہوئی

Changing , paths of investigation,
Varying vision, at each sensation.

سبک اس کے ہاتھوں میں سنگِ گراں پہاڑ اس کی ضربوں سے ریگِ رواں

Easy for it, each uphill task,
Unravelled is, each hurdle's mask.

سفر اس کا انجام و آغاز ہے یہی اس کی تقویم کا راز ہے

Beginning and end, journey's nature,
The secret of , its nomenclature.



کرن چاند میں ہے، شرر سنگ میں
یہ بے رنگ ہے ڈوب کر رنگ میں

Moon-beam has glint, stone has flint,
Colourless it is, yet daubed in tint.

اسے واسطہ کیا کم و بیش سے
نشیب و فراز و پس و پیش سے

It bothers not, for more or less,
Ups and downs, digress, regress.

ازل سے ہے یہ کشمکش میں اسیر
ہوئی خاکِ آدم میں صورت پذیر

Since beginning, struggle's prisoner,
Came in Adam's clay, as shape-setter:

خودی کا نشیمن ترے دل میں ہے
فلک جس طرح آنکھ کے تل میں ہے

Seat of 'Self', rests in thy heart,
As eye's pupil, sky's resort.

Whereas Iqbal believed that Islam was 'a complete code of life', he had never a dogmatic or narrow view of the religion.



He believed that God the Almighty, in His infinite mercy and wisdom sent one hundred and twenty four thousand messengers for the proper guidance and benefit of mankind. Whether it was Judaism, Christianity or Islam, the divine message was one and the same, except that with each succeeding prophet, the divine message became not only more definite and final but more expanding and sublimating in its degree. Therefore, Iqbal's poetry is replete with allusions to the prophets such as Abraham, David, Moses and Christ, etc. Some of these allusions are given as under:

دلِ طورِ سینا و فاراں دو نیم   تجلّی کا پھر منتظر ہے کلیم

Broken Sinai, and Faran's heart,
Moses, waiting for light's start.

and,

ہاتھ بے زور ہیں، الحاد سے دل خوگر ہیں   اُمتی باعثِ رسوائیِ پیغمبر ہیں
بُت شکن اُٹھ گئے، باقی جو رہے بُت گر ہیں   تھا براہیم پدر اور پسر آزر ہیں

بادہ آشام نئے، بادہ نیا، خُم بھی نئے
حرمِ کعبہ نیا، بُت بھی نئے، تم بھی نئے

Powerless are the arms, breasts apostasy brace,

Prophet's followers are, the cause of his disgrace,

Idol-breakers gone, idol-makers crave grace,

Righteous was Abraham, son unworthy of race,

New are cups, new cup-bearers, novel too is ale,

You worship new idols, without any fail.

The real message of Islam is " لَآ اِكْرَاهَ فِي الدِّيْنِ " (There is no compulsion in religion). and " لَكُمْ دِيْنُكُمْ وَلِيَ دِيْنِ " (For you is your religion, for me mine"). When this is the real gospel of Islam, how could Iqbal deviate from it? Not to speak of the prophets of the Semitic race whom Iqbal profusely quoted in his poetry, he was so liberal and generous that he paid glowing tributes to Gautam Buddha, Ram Chandra and Guru Nanak. The following couplets are revealing in this context:

قوم نے پیغامِ گوتم کی ذرا پروا نہ کی　　قدر پہچانی نہ اپنے گوہرِ یک دانہ کی

The nation cared not the least, for Gautam's great gospel,

Priceless was the gem indeed, but it did not excel.

For Ram Chandra, the most venerated deity of India whom the Hindus regard as an incarnation of God, Iqbal said:



ہے رام کے وجود پہ ہندوستاں کو ناز   اہلِ نظر سمجھتے ہیں اس کو امامِ ہند

For India, existence of Ram is great pride,

India's leader he is reckoned, manly and divine.

And:

تلوار کا دھنی تھا شجاعت میں فرد تھا   پاکیزگی میں جوشِ محبت میں فرد تھا

In swordsmanship unequalled, in bravery unsurpassed,

All unique in piety, in love's passion high-classed.

To Guru Narak, the founder of Sikh religion and a spiritual luminary, who showed to his million followers the right path, Iqbal paid the homage in the following couplets:

بت کدہ پھر بعد مدت کے مگر روشن ہوا   نورِ ابراہیم سے آزر کا گھر روشن ہوا

It's after long, that idol-house was lit again,

With light of Abraham, Aazar's house was lit again.



پھر اُٹھی آخر صدا توحید کی پنجاب سے
ہند کو اک مردِ کامل نے جگایا خواب سے

It was from Punjab again, preaching of Monotheism began,
From sleep awakened was India, by a perfect man.

As to other prophets and founders of religions, Iqbal paid most glowing tributes to the Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h). If Michael H. Hart, the author of the book entitled **"The 100"** can place the Holy Prophet at number One, ranking Christ after Muhammad (p.b.u.h.), Iqbal was after all a Muslim whose heart throbbed and soul craved for the love of the Prophet. In the premise of the said book, Michael H. Hart, the learned author, writes:

"A striking example of this is my ranking Muhammad higher than Jesus, in large part because of my belief that Muhammad had a much greater influence on the formulation of the Moslem religion than Jesus had on the formulation of the Christian religion ...."*

For Iqbal, as for millions of Muslims, the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.) was the most exalted being and the centre of all love. According to the belief of the Muslims, the Holy Prophet

* Premise of "The 100", Michael H. Hart, page 28, A. & W. Publishers Inc., New York.



was the cause of the creation of this universe, therefore his sweet name has such prowess and magnetic effect that all the formidable problems of the world can be solved and global darkness can be removed by the spell of his name provided the lover is earnest and sincere in his love. It was because of this reason that Iqbal said:

قوتِ عشق سے ہر پست کو بالا کر دے　　دہر میں اسمِ محمدؐ سے اُجالا کر دے

With power of Love, raise lowly to great height,
With Mohammad's name, illumine world with light.

and;

کی محمدؐ سے وفا تُو نے تو ہم تیرے ہیں　　یہ جہاں چیز ہے کیا لوح و قلم تیرے ہیں

To Mohammad's adherence, rests thy salvation,
Mean is this world, far higher thy destination.

If Iqbal pleaded the Muslims' cause because they were the worst victims of tyranny and oppression, the poet castigated them most virulently for their perverse ways responsible for their decay. The following sixtains, full of chidings and strictures, are noteworthy in this context. Addressing the Muslims through the mouth- piece of God, he said:



جن کو آتا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن، تم ہو　　نہیں جس قوم کو پروائے نشیمن، تم ہو
بجلیاں جس میں ہوں آسودہ، وہ خرمن تم ہو　　بیچ کھاتے ہیں جو اسلاف کے مدفن، تم ہو

ہو نکو نام جو قبروں کی تجارت کر کے
کیا نہ بیچو گے جو مل جائیں صنم پتھر کے

In no art and craft now, you're well grounded,
You are ah! the nation, rudderless, unfounded,
Stunned you're for long, yet feel not astounded,
To your own ancestors, an affront unbounded,
Profiteering from graves, you intend to let them,
Won't you sell idols, if perchance you get them?

In the same vein, Iqbal censured the modern Muslims in the following sixtains:

کون ہے تارکِ آئینِ رسولِ مختار؟　　مصلحت وقت کی ہے کس کے عمل کا معیار؟
کس کی آنکھوں میں سمایا ہے شعارِ اغیار؟　　ہو گئی کس کی نگہ طرزِ سلف سے بیزار؟

قلب میں سوز نہیں، روح میں احساس نہیں
کچھ بھی پیغامِ محمد ﷺ کا تمھیں پاس نہیں



Abjured has who?, the traditions of the Prophet?,
Whose expediency has, the standard unset?,
Who is aping others?, without the least pet,
Forefather's path who has left, without regret?

Remorseless is your heart, your soul without lustre,
How heedless are you, to message of Messenger?

جا کے ہوتے ہیں مساجد میں صف آرا، تو غریب — زحمتِ روزہ جو کرتے ہیں گوارا، تو غریب
نام لیتا ہے اگر کوئی ہمارا، تو غریب — پردہ رکھتا ہے اگر کوئی تمھارا، تو غریب

امرا نشۂ دولت میں ہیں غافل ہم سے
زندہ ہے ملتِ بیضا غُربا کے دم سے

To mosques, regular visitors, are but the poor,
Ramzan's rigorous fasters, are but he poor,
Entrenched in faith, Our lovers, are but the poor,
Of your lapses, the concealers, are but the poor,

Vain and wretched are the rich, wealth-drunk, all thriving,
For the down-trodden, religion's surviving.

Comparing the Muslims of the past with the Muslims



of the present time, the noet felt constrained to say:

تم ہو آپس میں غضب ناک، وہ آپس میں رحیم
تم خطاکار و خطابیں، وہ خطاپوش و کریم

چاہتے سب ہیں کہ ہوں اوجِ ثریا پہ مقیم
پہلے ویسا کوئی پیدا تو کرے قلبِ سلیم

تختِ فغفور بھی اُن کا تھا، سریرِ کَے بھی
یونہی باتیں ہیں کہ تم میں وہ حمیت ہے بھی؟

Fray-mongers as you are, peace-makers were they,
Wrong-doers as you are, forgivers were they,
To glory's pinnacle, all do wish their way,
Fully sated their hearts, of no lure a prey,

To them matched Chinese throne, nor Persia's crown.
You are bibble-babble, to conscience you frown.

خودکُشی شیوہ تمہارا، وہ غیور و خوددار
تم اخوت سے گریزاں، وہ اخوت پہ نثار

تم ہو گفتار سراپا، وہ سراپا کردار
تم ترستے ہو کلی کو، وہ گلستاں بہ کنار

اب تلک یاد ہے قوموں کو حکایت اُن کی
نقش ہے صفحۂ ہستی پہ صداقت اُن کی



Suicide your way, dignity they maintained,
Brotherhood you bother not, they cherished and Sustained,
Men of words but you are, action they never abstained,
You tumble on ground, great heights they attained,

Living yet are their deeds, achievements not faded,
Shining their truth is, its lustre unshaded.

Dr. Iqbal was a lover of innovations. When kingship was regarded as something out-moded and democracy was introduced as a system of government, especially in the Third World countries, he welcomed it as he thought that the new system might be helpful in alleviating the sufferings of the exploited and oppressed people. Therefore he said:

سلطانیٔ جمہور کا آتا ہے زمانہ   جو نقشِ کہن تم کو نظر آئے مٹا دو

Democracy's order is, just round the corner,
Blot out ugly traces, that look unsound.

But soon, as a man of profound vision, he felt that the greatest drawback of democracy was that it treated all men alike and made no distinction between the learned and the ignorant, and between a pious as well as a profane person.



As such, democracy was itself a farce where the majority of the ignorant counted and the common folks were generally befooled by their own elected representatives. Therefore he said:

جمہوریت اک طرزِ حکومت ہے کہ جس میں
بندوں کو گنا کرتے ہیں، تولا نہیں کرتے!

Democracy, a system of government, is that,
Where men just counted, without any weight.

Similarly, in the initial stages of the enforcement of Communism as the state power in Russia, Iqbal had a feeling that it might prove a potent shield for the poor and the down-trodden. As the philosophy of Communism was the brain-child of Karl Marl which he had expressed in details in 'Das Capital', therefore Iqbal paid him a tribute in the following line:

نیست پیغمبر و لیکن در بغل دارد کتاب

Not the prophet, but the possessor of a great book.

David's Psalms, Torah, the Holy Bible and the Holy Quran are four sacred books and each of them contains Divine message



for the welfare and betterment of mankind. Neither Marx was a prophet nor did 'Das Capital' contain Divine message, yet the poet paid tribute to the author of 'Das Capital' for the simple reason that Marx had passionately as well as sincerely advocated the cause of the exploited class and that the book itself was a great testament of the rights of the proleteriat.

As the poet of the exploited and the oppressed class, Iqbal is at his best in the poem entitled 'Lenin: In The Presence Of God'. In this poem, he is at the extreme height of his outbursts against the exploitative system of Capitalism and the mode of trade which is nothing short of a gamble. To Iqbal, the then Europeans were but blood-suckers with their boons of "**joblessness, nudity, poverty and ale-drinking**". Of course, those were Iqbal's own revolutionary thoughts expressed through the mouth-piece of Lenin, the then acclaimed as the greatest exponent of the oppressed class. Look! how thought-provoking, emotion-packed, bold and assertive are the last two couplets:

تو قادر و عادل ہے مگر تیرے جہاں میں

ہیں تلخ بہت بندۂ مزدور کے اوقات

All Powerful and Just art Thou, but in Thy world,
Labourer's life miserable, with no inspiration.



کب ڈوبے گا سرمایہ پرستی کا سفینہ؟

دُنیا ہے تری منتظرِ روزِ مکافات!

The curse of capital worship, how long will it persist?
Thy world is waiting for, the Day of Reparation.

In fact, so evocative are Lenin's words and such is the logical force of his arguments that even the innocent and guileless angels find it difficult to restrain their feelings and they start singing a song in chorus, admitting that the world is yet incomplete, it is still in its embryonic stage and is being ruled irrationally by brute forces. To quote a few couplets from the poem entitled "Song Of The Angels":

عقل ہے بے زمام ابھی عشق ہے بے مقام ابھی

نقش گرِ ازل! ترا نقش ہے ناتمام ابھی

Undirected is yet Intellect, Love yet unplaced,
O Eternal Printer!, Thy print is yet untraced.

خلقِ خدا کی گھات میں رند و فقیہ و میر و پیر

تیرے جہاں میں ہے وہی گردشِ صبح و شام ابھی

Waylaying for noble men, each priest and reprobrate,
In Thy world, motion of morn and eve is, yet unlaced,



تیرے امیر مال مست، تیرے فقیر حال مست　　بندہ ہے کوچہ گرد ابھی، خواجہ بلند بام ابھی

Contented Thy rich, to fate reconciled poor,
Much exalted're masters, slaves yet ungraced.

So heart-moving and powerful is the speech of Lenin that whereas it stirs the angels, it has its effect upon God, the Almighty. He therefore commands the angels to set things right so that the deprived are no longer deprived and the oppressed are no longer oppressed. What a qualitative and revolutionary change the Providence orders for! Iqbal, as the champion and exponent of the suffering humanity, is at his best in the following couplets:

اُٹھو مری دنیا کے غریبوں کو جگا دو　　کاخِ اُمرا کے در و دیوار ہلا دو

Awaken the poor, in chains who are bound,
Palaces of the rich, be razed to ground.

گرماؤ غلاموں کا لہو سوزِ یقیں سے　　کُنجشکِ فرومایہ کو شاہیں سے لڑا دو

Heaten slaves' blood, with passion of certainty,
Let falcon be a prey, let sparrow pound.



جس کھیت سے دہقاں کو میسر نہیں روزی　　اُس کھیت کے ہر خوشۂ گندم کو جلا دو

Worthless is that field, which fails to feed farmer,
Set to fire spike of wheat, all around.

کیوں خالق و مخلوق میں حائل رہیں پردے　　پیرانِ کلیسا کو کلیسا سے اُٹھا دو

Why a veil, between Creator and creature?,
Permit not the priest, believers to hound.

حق را بسجودے صنماں را بطوافے　　بہتر ہے چراغِ حرم و دیر بجھا دو

To God submission, to idols circumflexion,
Worship places' candles, blow out if found.

Finally, Iqbal said for himself:

میں ناخوش و بیزار ہوں مرمر کی سلوں سے　　میرے لیے مٹی کا حرم اور بنا دو

Disgusting for me are, slabs of the marble,
Erect for me an earthen mosque, simple but sound.



In support of my thesis, I have extensively quoted the verses of Iqbal, limelighting his revolutionary message and his concern for the exploited as well as oppressed class existing all over the globe, not the Muslims alone. I leave the judgement to the sweet will of the learned and valued readers of this book. In my considered opinion, despite producing Orientalists and men of letters, the West has so far not been able to fully grasp the real message inherent in the poetry of the poet - philosopher of the East.

The need of the hour is that Dr. Iqbal's poetry be reassessed in its true perspective and be presented to the world community in its real spirit. For this task, no other organization is more competent than Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore, which is indeed a forum of distinguished scholars and presently is marching ahead under the able and lustre-radiating personality of its President, Mr. Mushahid Hussain, Advisor to the Hon'ble Prime Minister of Pakistan. Mr. Mushahid Hussain, besides being a seasoned and well-known journalist of this country, is a man of imminent learning and of consummate experience. The Academy, I am sure, will grow under his benign patronage.

My unbounded gratitude is for Muhammad Suheyl Umar, Acting Director of Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore, whose personal interest in the book has made its publication possible. I am confident that the Academy will progress by leaps and boundsunder his guidance.

Dr. Waheed Ishrat, Assistant Director and Mr. Ahmed Javed, Senior Research Scholar in the Academy are outstanding in their fields. Dr. Ishrat is anasset to this organization for his qualities as a scholar and as a man. So is Mr. Ahmed Javed, a



man steeped in Oriental learning and languages, besides being an accomplished poet.

My most fervent thanks are to Dr. Tahseen Firaqi, an eminent scholar and a man of profound learning. This book would have perhaps never seen the light of day but for the pains of this great scholar whose valuable and pertinent suggestions at places not only made it printable but me invulnerable too from the scathing criticism, I therefore don't hesitate in acknowledging the fact that Dr. Firaqi's contribution to this book is far more then my own humble effort.

In this book, my valued friend, Mr. Husain Nasser, an elite of the city, a poet of Urdu and a lover of literature has been a source of great encouragement and I owe him a good deal of gratitude. My trusted friend, Mr. Rashid Haider Rizvi, who has always been a ray of hope to me in moments of despondence, deserves to be mentioned in this book. Similarly, Mr. Sarfaraz Abad, an accomplished poet of Urdu and a man of sterling qualities, who has always been kind so as to shower his love on me, deserves a place in this book.

Dr. Naved Iqbal, a prominent Pakistani doctor in New York and a lover of .Dr. Iqbal's poetry, was initially interested in getting this book published from America under the aegis of an association called "Friends of Pakistan" but for certain difficulties, it could not be published at this stage. However, if he gets inspired by going through this book, perhaps he may tackle the publication of the next edition.

Prof. Sardar Naqvi has been very kind to me in explaining to me the meanings of certain esoteric verses for which I am all grateful to him. I owe a lot to my colleagues, Prof. Karamat-Ullah Rajput, Dr. Prof. Abu Khalid Siddiqi, Prof. Aijaz Husain and Prof. Ashar Husain for their kind

in manifold ways. In materializing my visit from Karachi to Iqbal Academy, Lahore, regarding the agreement for publication, the way Mr. Mohammad Wasi Khan and Mr. Sajjad Haider rendered their valuable services, I am thankful to them.

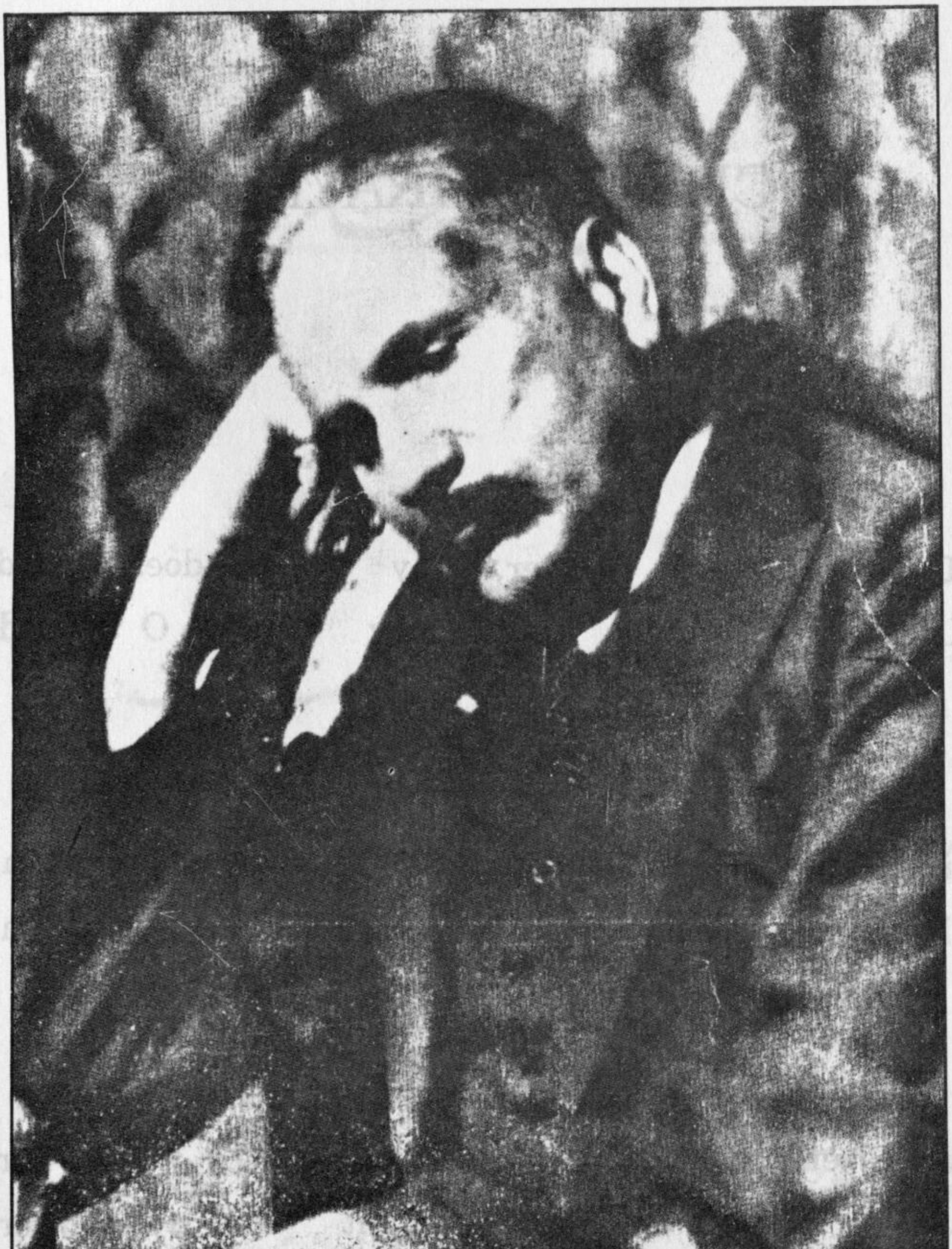
I have the greatest regards for Mr. Saqib Ali Khan, proprietor of Ghazanfar Academy, Urdu Bazar, Karachi, who is patronising very many authors of this megapolis. I have all the appreciation for Mr. Aijaz Haider, my very dear and dependable student, whose cooperation and assistance helped me a lot in the fulfilment of this task.

May 25, 1997.

Prof. S.G.Abbas,
Principal
&
Professor of English,
Sirajuddullah Govt.
College, Karachi.









CHILD'S PRAYER

To a solemn prayer, my wish does prod,
Like a candle be, my life O God!

Lifted Through my being, be the pall of gloom,
Places I sparkle, with lustre in its bloom.

All over my land, such a grace I shower,
As in an orchard, radiant is a flower.



بچّے کی دُعا

لب پہ آتی ہے دُعا بن کے تمنّا میری
زندگی شمع کی صورت ہو خدایا میری

دُور دُنیا کا مرے دَم سے اندھیرا ہو جائے
ہر جگہ میرے چمکنے سے اُجالا ہو جائے

ہو مرے دَم سے یونہی میرے وطن کی زینت
جس طرح پھُول سے ہوتی ہے چمن کی زینت



Very like a moth, be my life O Lord!,
All love for learning, no strife O Lord!.

Service my mission, to the down-trodden,
Succour my passion, to the crest-fallen.

Save me O God!, from every form of evil,
Lead me to right path, away from devil.



زندگی ہو مری پروانے کی صورت یارب
علم کی شمع سے ہو مجھ کو محبت یارب!

ہو مرا کام غریبوں کی حمایت کرنا
دردمندوں سے ضعیفوں سے محبت کرنا

مرے اللہ! برائی سے بچانا مجھ کو
نیک جو راہ ہو اس رہ پہ چلانا مجھ کو



MIRZA GHALIB

From thy being, it dawned upon the human thought,

For imagination's flight, there's limit naught,
All spirit, with poetry thy body fraught,
Concourse's grace, yet in assemblage distraught,

For beauty alone, thy eye has distinction,
In each object hidden, as life's burning passion.



مرزا غالبؔ

فکرِ انساں پر تری ہستی سے یہ روشن ہُوا
ہے پرِ مرغِ تخیّل کی رسائی تا کجا

تھا سراپا روح تو، بزمِ سخن پیکر ترا
زیبِ محفل بھی رہا محفل سے پنہاں بھی رہا

دید تیری آنکھ کو اُس حُسن کی منظور ہے
بن کے سوزِ زندگی ہر شے میں جو مستور ہے



With thy harp exists, this world's precious treasure,
As with the river-songs, there's mount's leisure,
Heavenly thy fancy, source of Nature's pleasure,
World's greenery grows, with thy thoughts of stature,

Pert thy writings, pregnant with life's meaning deep,
Mute picture's lips, as if ready to speak.

For speech, great pride is thy oration,
Pleiades startled, at thy imagination,
Brisk thy style, a source of animation,
For flower of Shiraz[1], Delhi's bud[2] in elation.

Ah! deserted is Delhi, thy resting-place,
Thy fellow in Weimer[3], sleeping with grace.

---

1. By 'flower of Shiraz' the poet means Haafiz Shirazi, a great Persian poet.
2. It is an allusion to Mirza Ghalib himself.
3. It refers to Geothe, an eminent German poet. Sir Muhammad Iqbal was very much influenced by that great German poet.



محفلِ ہستی تری بربط سے ہے سرمایہ دار　　جس طرح ندی کے نغموں سے سکوتِ کوہسار

تیرے فردوسِ تخیل سے ہے قدرت کی بہا　　تیری کشتِ فکر سے اُگتے ہیں عالم سبزہ وار

زندگی مضمر ہے تیری شوخیِ تحریر میں
تابِ گویائی سے جنبش ہے لبِ تصویر میں

نطق کو سو ناز ہیں تیرے لبِ اعجاز پر　　محوِ حیرت ہے ثریا رفعتِ پرواز پر

شاہدِ مضموں تصدق ہے ترے انداز پر　　خندہ زن ہے غنچۂ دِلّی گلِ شیراز پر

آہ! تو اُجڑی ہوئی دِلّی میں آرامیدہ ہے
گلشنِ ویمر* میں تیرا ہم نوا خوابیدہ ہے



In sweetnessof speech,thou art unmatched,
Till pure imagination, with sublime thought matched,
Alas! from the Indian land, all glory snatched,
O possessorof piercingeye!,Ocritic all detached!

Urdu's lock still needs, a lot of embellishment,
Ravished moth is mad for, candle's blandishment.

O Jahanabad![4], cradle of learning and skill,
As sorrow's replica, thy abodes are still,
From each atom of thee, sun and moon light refill,
Hidden are million gems, in thy dust and sill,

Buried in thee, such a pride of literature?
Covert in thee, is a man of such a stature?

4. Old name of Delhi.



لطفِ گویائی میں تیری ہمسری ممکن نہیں   ہو تخیّل کا نہ جب تک فکرِ کامل ہم نشیں

ہائے! اب کیا ہو گئی ہندوستاں کی سر زمیں   آہ! اے نظّارہ آموزِ نگاہِ نکتہ بیں

گیسوئے اُردو ابھی منّت پذیرِ شانہ ہے

شمع یہ سودائیِ دلسوزیِ پروانہ ہے

اے جہان آباد! اے گہوارۂ علم و ہنر   ہیں سراپا نالۂ خاموش تیرے بام و در

ذرّے ذرّے میں ترے خوابیدہ ہیں شمس و قمر   یوں تو پوشیدہ ہیں تیری خاک میں لاکھوں گہر

دفن تجھ میں کوئی فخرِ روزگار ایسا بھی ہے؟

تجھ میں پنہاں کوئی موتی آبدار ایسا بھی ہے؟



SHAKESPEARE

For morn faint light, rivers' gentleness a mirror,
For eve's lyrics, evening's stillness a mirror,

Flower leaves a mirror, as spring's precursor,
For wine's surfeit, cup's refill-ness a mirror,

Beauty is Nature's mirror, heart beauty's reflector,
For human heart, thy muse's shrillness a mirror,

Thy lofty thought is, being's sublimation,
Was thy glaring self, being's reverberation?



شیکسپیئر

شفقِ صبح کو دریا کا خرام آئینہ
نغمۂ شام کو خاموشیِ شام آئینہ

برگِ گل آئنہ عارضِ زیبائے بہار
شاہدِ مے کے لیے حجلۂ جام آئینہ

حسن آئینۂ حق اور دل آئینۂ حسن
دلِ انساں کو ترا حسنِ کلام آئینہ

ہے ترے فکرِ فلک رس سے کمالِ ہستی
کیا تری فطرتِ روشن تھی مآلِ ہستی



When looked for, by searching eye of a searcher,
Wrapped the sun appeared, in its very lustre,

From world's eye, thy being remained unperceived,
Unfurled was the world, in thy eye's aperture,

This is Nature's way, for secret's preservation,
No wizard as such shall come, for world's inspiration.



تجھ کو جب دیدۂ دیدار طلب نے ڈھونڈا تابِ خورشید میں خورشید کو پنہاں دیکھا

چشمِ عالم سے تو ہستی رہی مستور تری اور عالم کو تری آنکھ نے عریاں دیکھا

حفظِ اسرار کا فطرت کو ہے سودا ایسا

رازداں پھر نہ کرے گی کوئی پیدا ایسا



DAAGH

For many ages, buried has been Ghalib, within earth's bed,
Mehdi-e-Majrooh[5] too, a dweller of the City of Dead.

Ameer's[6] cask, death has undone, that too, in an alien land,
Yet lasts its torpor for wine--lovers, its taste all bland.

But this day O friend!, the whole orchard is in lamentation,
Gone is that candle, melody is in its dissipation.

In this orchard, Delhi's nightingale, did build its roost,
Existing there are, all nightingales, for music's boost.

Ah! passed away has Daagh[7], his body lifted to be buried,

Mute is Jahanabad's last poet, what a tragedy indeed!

---

5. A famous Urdu poet.
6. Ameer Minai, an accomplished Urdu poet who died in Hyderabad Deccan. That's why the expression ' in an alien land ' stands for his death.
7. An eminent poet, the guide of Dr. Iqbal in the field of poetry.



داغ

عظمتِ غالب ہے اک مدت سے پیوندِ زمیں
مہدیِ مجروح ہے شہرِ خموشاں کا مکیں

توڑ ڈالی موت نے غربت میں مینائے امیر
چشمِ محفل میں ہے اب تک کیفِ صہبائے امیر

آج لیکن ہمنوا! سارا چمن ماتم میں ہے
شمعِ روشن بُجھ گئی، بزمِ سخن ماتم میں ہے

بُلبلِ دِلّی نے باندھا اس چمن میں آشیاں
ہم نوا ہیں سب عنادل باغِ ہستی کے جہاں

چل بسا داغ آہ! میّت اس کی زیبِ دوش ہے
آخری شاعر جہان آباد کا خاموش ہے



Where is that gaiety? that wantonness of style?
In old age, youth's fire subsided, not for a while.

The wish that Daagh articulated, with it each heart sealed,
There the meaning all overt, here it is all concealed;

Who'll ask nightingales now, why flowers are mute?
For the nightingales' wailings, who will now impute?

Never evaded was the fact, though soaring was his thought,
Never was its nest amiss, bird's eye was not distraught.



اب کہاں وہ بانکپن، وہ شوخیِ طرزِ بیاں
آگ تھی کافورِ پیری میں جوانی کی نہاں

تھی زبانِ داغ پر جو آرزو ہر دل میں ہے
لیلیِ معنی وہاں بے پردہ، یاں محمل میں ہے

اب صبا سے کون پوچھے گا سکوتِ گل کا راز
کون سمجھے گا چمن میں نالۂ بلبل کا راز

تھی حقیقت سے نہ غفلت فکر کی پرواز میں
آنکھ طائر کی نشیمن پر رہی پرواز میں



In others' works, there would be delicacies,
At extreme height, their thoughts' intricacies.

By focusing harsh realities, he would make us weep,
Or in a dreamy world of fancy, would lull us to sleep.

Shiraz's nightingales, shall be born in this orchard,
Hundreds of sorcers, shall be, men of marvels, in this world.

In muse's magic casement, scores of Aazars[8] shall roll,
New cup-bearers shall have new flasks, for ale as a whole.

Of heart's desires, many more, will be explanations,
O Youth's Dream!, many more will be thy interpretations.

Love's real portrait, who'll now draw so exactly?
Gone is the archer, whose arrow'll pierce heart instantly?

---

8. Historically speaking, Aazar was the uncle of Abraham. He was an idol-maker and a poet too.



اور دکھلائیں گے مضموں کی ہمیں باریکیاں
اپنے فکرِ نکتہ آرا کی فلک پیمائیاں

تلخیِ دوراں کے نقشے کھینچ کر رُلوائیں گے
یا تخیّل کی نئی دنیا ہمیں دکھلائیں گے

اس چمن میں ہوں گے پیدا بلبلِ شیراز بھی
سیکڑوں ساحر بھی ہوں گے صاحبِ اعجاز بھی

اُٹھیں گے آزر ہزاروں شعر کے بت خانے سے
مے پلائیں گے نئے ساقی نئے پیمانے سے

لکھی جائیں گی کتابِ دل کی تفسیریں بہت
ہوں گی اے خوابِ جوانی! تیری تعبیریں بہت

ہو بہو کھینچے گا لیکن عشق کی تصویر کون؟
اُٹھ گیا ناوک فگن، مارے گا دل پر تیر کون؟



With seeds of tears, I sow, poetry's land too deep,
Ye too shed tears, O Dust of Delhi!, for Daagh I weep.

O Jahanabad! O Poetry's priceless treasure!,
As this day is set autumn, thy orchard has no leisure.

Very like odour, parted is thy comely flower,
With the death of Daagh, ah! deserted is Urdu's bower.

In native land, perhaps there lay no charm, no boon,
In land of Deccan, buried was also that full moon.

Departed all cup-bearers, ale-house not thriving,
In Delhi's galaxy, only Haa'li is surviving.

Death's cruel clutches, indeed, throttle all expectations,
In darkness is Death's Angel, with his arrow's castigations.

But tongue-tied we remain, as complaint has no substance,
Somewhat to the autumn hue, owes the world its existence,

Universal law controls all, it's the real master,
Whether it be flowers' odour, death of flower-plucker.

---

9. A great Urdu poet, precursor and predecessor of Iqbal.



اشک کے دانے زمینِ شعر میں بوتا ہوں میں
تو بھی رو اے خاکِ دلی! داغ کو روتا ہوں میں

اے جہان آباد، اے سرمایۂ بزمِ سخن!
ہو گیا پھر آج پامالِ خزاں تیرا چمن

وہ گلِ رنگیں ترا رخصت مثالِ بو ہوا
آہ! خالی داغ سے کاشانۂ اردو ہوا

تھی نہ شاید کچھ کشش ایسی وطن کی خاک میں
وہ مہِ کامل ہوا پنہاں دکن کی خاک میں

اٹھ گئے ساقی جو تھے، مے خانہ خالی رہ گیا
یادگارِ بزمِ دہلی ایک حالی رہ گیا

آرزو کو خون رلواتی ہے بیدادِ اجل
مارتا ہے تیر تاریکی میں صیادِ اجل

کھل نہیں سکتی شکایت کے لیے لیکن زباں
ہے خزاں کا رنگ بھی وجہِ قیامِ گلستاں

ایک ہی قانونِ عالم گیر کے ہیں سب اثر
بوے گل کا باغ سے، گلچیں کا دنیا سے سفر



INDIAN ANTHEM

Beloved India is, better than the whole world,
We are its nightingales, it is our orchard.

If in an alien land, our hearts are at home,
We exist only there, our hearts are stirred.

That mount's peak, that neighbour of the sky,
Our sentinel is that, our guard undeterred.

Playful are thousand rivers, in its very lap,
By their being, Heavenly is our orchard.



ترانۂ ہندی

سارے جہاں سے اچھا ہندوستاں ہمارا
ہم بلبلیں ہیں اس کی یہ گلستاں ہمارا

غربت میں ہوں اگر ہم رہتا ہے دل وطن میں
سمجھو وہیں ہمیں بھی دل ہو جہاں ہمارا

پربت وہ سب سے اونچا ہمسایہ آسماں کا
وہ سنتری ہمارا وہ پاسباں ہمارا

گودی میں کھیلتی ہیں اس کی ہزاروں ندیاں
گلشن ہے جن کے دم سے رشکِ جناں ہمارا



O water of the Ganges! are yet fresh those days?
On thy bank halted, our fleet unspurred.

The essence of religion is, love not hatred,
Indians are we, India our home unerred.

Extinct were all, whether Greece, Egypt or Rome,
We continue to exist, our name unslurred.

It is for something, that we're yet existent,
For ages with us enmity, Time has stirred.

None is there in this world, O Iqbal! who knows,
Our pains and sufferings have, yet remained unheard.



اے آبِ رودِ گنگا! وہ دن ہیں یاد تجھ کو؟

اُترا ترے کنارے جب کارواں ہمارا

مذہب نہیں سکھاتا آپس میں بیر رکھنا

ہندی ہیں ہم، وطن ہے ہندوستاں ہمارا

یونان و مصر و روما سب مٹ گئے جہاں سے

اب تک مگر ہے باقی نام و نشاں ہمارا

کچھ بات ہے کہ ہستی مٹتی نہیں ہماری

صدیوں رہا ہے دشمن دورِ زماں ہمارا

اقبال! کوئی محرم اپنا نہیں جہاں میں

معلوم کیا کسی کو دردِ نہاں ہمارا



NATIONAL SONG OF THE INDIAN CHILDREN

The land wherefrom gospel of Truth, Chishti[10] conveyed,
Hymns of Divinity there, Nanak[11] assayed,
The land to which, the Tartars[12] their country made,
Forsaking their homes, Hejazis[13] there stayed,

That is my country, that is my land.

To the Greeks, the land which amazed and astonished,
Knowledge and skill to whole world, the land which furnished,
To its soil, richness of wealth, Lord had lavished,
Lapels of the Turks, with diamonds which furbished,

That is my country, that is my land.

---

10. Khwaja Moinuddin Chishti, a great saint who is largely respected as yet by all communities in the entire Sub-continent of South Asia for his preachings. His tomb exists at Ajmer, India.
11. Guru Nanak was the founder of Sikh religion. He too was a preacher of Monotheism.
12. Originally of the Turkish origin, the Tartars were men of formidable, rough and unmanageable disposition but they were great warriors. An army of the Tartars attacked India, became her rulers and settled down permanetly there.
13. People belonging to Hejaz. Hejaz consists of a large territory. It is presently a part of modern Saudi Arabia. The sacred towns of Mecca and Media are in Hejaz. In other words, the cradle of Islamic culture and civilization.

006058



ہندوستانی بچوں کا قومی گیت

چشتی نے جس زمیں میں پیغامِ حق سنایا
نانک نے جس چمن میں وحدت کا گیت گایا
تاتاریوں نے جس کو اپنا وطن بنایا
جس نے حجازیوں سے دشتِ عرب چھڑایا

میرا وطن وہی ہے، میرا وطن وہی ہے

یونانیوں کو جس نے حیران کر دیا تھا
سارے جہاں کو جس نے علم و ہنر دیا تھا
مٹی کو جس کی حق نے زر کا اثر دیا تھا
ترکوں کا جس نے دامن ہیروں سے بھر دیا تھا

میرا وطن وہی ہے، میرا وطن وہی ہے



From Persia's heaven, shooting stars released,
With milky-way's light, their lustre it increased,
Monotheism's tune to the world, from this place breezed,
With gush of cool gale, the Holy Prophet[14] was pleased,

That is my country, that is my land.

Its people as Moses,[15] its mounts as Sinai,[16]
There it was, that Noah's Arc ceased to ply,
Exalted its land, as stairs to sky,
In its very expanse, Heaven's glories lie,

That is my country, that is my land.

---

14. Hazrat Mulhammad (p.b.u.h.), the Prophet of Islam.

15. Moses, the Friend of God, was one of the major prophets.

16. It was at Mt. Sinai that Moses saw the light of God. Sinai was burnt and Moses fainted.



ٹوٹے تھے جو ستارے فارس کے آسماں سے　　پھر تاب دے کے جس نے چمکائے کہکشاں سے

وحدت کی لے سنی تھی دنیا نے جس مکاں سے　　میرِ عرب کو آئی ٹھنڈی ہوا جہاں سے

میرا وطن وہی ہے، میرا وطن وہی ہے

بندے کلیم جس کے، پربت جہاں کے سینا　　نوحِ نبی کا آ کر ٹھہرا جہاں سفینا

رفعت ہے جس زمیں کی بامِ فلک کا زینا　　جنت کی زندگی ہے جس کی فضا میں جینا

میرا وطن وہی ہے، میرا وطن وہی ہے



RAM

Brimmed is India's flask, but with Truth's toxicant wine,
For the Western philosophers, charm of Ram,[17] a sure sign.

Of the Indians, such is the effect of thoughts' loftiness,
India's place higher than canopy, which we assign.

In this country are sprung, thousands angel-like men,
It's but for them, India retains her glory and shine.

For India, existence of Ram, is a great pride,
India's leader he is reckoned, manly and divine.

Of significant marvel is, indeed this beacon - light,
Brighter than morn is, India's eve, all gay and fine.

In swordsmanship unequalled, in bravery unsurpassed,
All unique in piety, in love's passion high - classed.

---

17. According to a legend of Hinduism, Ram Chandra was an incarnation of God. He was the son of King Dashrath. For the sake of truth and piety, he had to go through an ordeal of relegation for fourteen years.



رام

لبریز ہے شرابِ حقیقت سے جامِ ہند
سب فلسفی ہیں خطۂ مغرب کے رامِ ہند

یہ ہندیوں کے فکرِ فلک رس کا ہے اثر
رفعت میں آسماں سے بھی اُونچا ہے بامِ ہند

اس دیس میں ہوئے ہیں ہزاروں مَلک سرشت
مشہور جن کے دم سے ہے دُنیا میں نامِ ہند

ہے رام کے وجود پہ ہندوستاں کو ناز
اہلِ نظر سمجھتے ہیں اس کو امامِ ہند

اعجاز اس چراغِ ہدایت کا ہے یہی
روشن تر از سحر ہے زمانے میں شامِ ہند

تلوار کا دھنی تھا شجاعت میں فرد تھا
پاکیزگی میں جوشِ محبت میں فرد تھا



NANAK

The nation cared not the least, for Gautam's[18] great gospel,
Priceless was the gem indeed, but it did not excel.

With Reality's[19] Voice ah!, the wretched were all free,
To its own fruit's sweetness, as if heedless is a tree.

Unravelled he all that, which in fact was, life's mystery,
India prided in, but fanciful philosophy.

---

18. Siddharta or better known as Gautam Buddha is still reckoned as a spiritual force. Born and brought up as a prince in Kapilvastu, he married a lady named Yashodhra and begot a child named Rahul. But he was soon disgusted with this world. As a result of it, he renounced the world. He wandered far and wide in search of truth, subjected himself to severe trials and tribulations. Finally, he achieved "Nirvan" (salvation) at Patliputra, Gaya, India. Ashoka, one of the greatest rulers of India, adopted Buddhism as state religion. With the passage of time, the teachings of Buddha were eclipsed in India, but spread in the Far Eastern countries, such as Thailand, Japan and Cambodia. In Japan, Sri Lanka and some other countries of the world, Buddishim is still a spiritual force.
19. The Voice of God.



نانک

قوم نے پیغامِ گوتم کی ذرا پروا نہ کی
قدر پہچانی نہ اپنے گوہرِ یک دانہ کی

آہ! بدقسمت رہے آوازِ حق سے بے خبر
غافل اپنے پھل کی شیرینی سے ہوتا ہے شجر

آشکار اُس نے کیا جو زندگی کا راز تھا
ہند کو لیکن خیالی فلسفے پر ناز تھا



With Divine Candle,[20] lit was not the assemblage
Blessings did rain, but unworthy was, the land for tillage

For the low - caste alas!, India is a woeful place,
Of the milk of human kindness, there's but no trace.

For Brahmin,[21] ego is yet, a source of intoxication,
Gautam's candle is meant, for other men, of dedication.

It's after long, that idol - house was lit again,
With light of Abraham, Aazar's house was lit again.

It is from Punjab[22] again, preaching of Monotheism began,
India from sleep awakened, by a perfect man.

---

20. The flash of God.

21. A high-caste Hindu.

22. Guru Nanak hailed from Punjab.



شمعِ حق سے جو منور ہو یہ وہ محفل نہ تھی

بارشِ رحمت ہوئی لیکن زمیں قابل نہ تھی

آہ! شودر کے لیے ہندوستاں غم خانہ ہے

دردِ انسانی سے اس بستی کا دل بیگانہ ہے

برہمن سرشار ہے اب تک مئے پندار میں

شمعِ گوتم جل رہی ہے محفلِ اغیار میں

بُت کدہ پھر بعد مدّت کے مگر روشن ہُوا

نُورِ ابراہیم سے آزر کا گھر روشن ہُوا

پھر اُٹھی آخر صدا توحید کی پنجاب سے

ہند کو اک مردِ کامل نے جگایا خواب سے



HIMALAYA

O Himalaya![23], India's rampart, source of great bliss,
Upon thy forehead, sky imprints a kiss,
Of decrepitude in thee, each trace but amiss,
Thou art young, until the earth on its axis,

At Sinai for Moses, was a spectacle,
For keen eye thou art, glamour's receptacle.

Mount terrain though, in outward appearance,
Our guard thou art, to access a hindrance,
Sky's first couplet, all sweet in utterance,
A balm for heart's solitude, cause of forbearance,

The hood, upon thy head, snow has placed,
To the luminating sun, it has thus graced.

---

23. A terrain of mountains, with its highest peak known as the Everest.



ہمالہ

اے ہمالہ! اے فصیلِ کشورِ ہندوستاں
چومتا ہے تیری پیشانی کو جھک کر آسماں

تجھ میں کچھ پیدا نہیں دیرینہ روزی کے نشاں
تو جواں ہے گردشِ شام و سحر کے درمیاں

ایک جلوہ تھا کلیمِ طورِ سینا کے لیے
تو تجلی ہے سراپا چشمِ بینا کے لیے

امتحانِ دیدۂ ظاہر میں کوہستاں ہے تو
پاسباں اپنا ہے تو، دیوارِ ہندوستاں ہے تو

مطلعِ اوّل فلک جس کا ہو وہ دیواں ہے تو
سوئے خلوت گاہِ دل دامن کشِ انساں ہے تو

برف نے باندھی ہے دستارِ فضیلت تیرے سر
خندہ زن ہے جو کلاہِ مہرِ عالم تاب پر



Old age is a trice, the age thee spent,
In valleys, dark clouds have but pitched their tent,
To converse with pleiades, thy peaks all intent,
Grounded art thou, with abode in firmament,

From thy lapel, chaste water's rivulets flowing,
Acting as handkerchief, the air gently blowing.

Cloud -specks driven, as if fear - stricken,
With flog of lightning, it seems they're beaten,
O Himalaya! thou art, a play - ground silken,
For elements thee made, as God's Hands striven,

With joy unrestrained, the cloud does fly,
As an elephant unchained, the cloud does fly.

Rustle of morn breeze, acted as cradle to sleep,
Swinging with joy, each bud sunk so deep,
With tongue of leaf, its stillness to speak.
Never saw I, flower - plucker's jerk at freak,

My hushed silence is, relating my tale,
My abode, Nature's calm bower, I regale.



تیری عمرِ رفتہ کی اک آن ہے عہدِ کہن   وادیوں میں ہیں تری کالی گھٹائیں خیمہ زن

چوٹیاں تیری ثریا سے ہیں سرگرمِ سخن   تو زمیں پر اور پہنائے فلک تیرا وطن

چشمۂ دامن ترا آئینۂ سیّال ہے

دامنِ موجِ ہوا جس کے لیے رومال ہے

ابر کے ہاتھوں میں رہوارِ ہوا کے واسطے   تازیانہ دے دیا برقِ سرِ کہسار نے

اے ہمالہ کوئی بازی گاہ ہے تو بھی، جسے   دستِ قدرت نے بنایا ہے عناصر کے لیے

ہائے کیا فرطِ طرب میں جھومتا جاتا ہے ابر

فیلِ بے زنجیر کی صورت اڑا جاتا ہے ابر

جنبشِ موجِ نسیمِ صبح گہوارہ بنی   جھومتی ہے نشۂ ہستی میں ہر گل کی کلی

یوں زبانِ برگ سے گویا ہے اس کی خامشی   دستِ گلچیں کی جھٹک میں نے نہیں دیکھی کبھی

کہہ رہی ہے میری خاموشی ہی افسانہ مرا

کنجِ خلوت خانۂ قدرت ہے کاشانہ مرا



Humming, the rivulet falls from an altitude,
Surpassing Heavenly streams, in their beautitude,
To onlookers, there's glory in multitude,
Avoiding rocks, then bracing with magnitude,

Sensate me by elating, with thy cadence,
Way-farer!, my heart oft throbs with resonance.

The murky night, disentangling its long plait,
Bracing to heart is sound, that waterfalls grate,
That evening solitude, where speech insensate,
Thought-packed trees look serene, blissful is the state,

Thrives on the mount, reddish twilight,
Red powder on thy cheeks, lovely and bright.

O Himala! relate to us, that time's tale,
When human habitation, began at thy dale,
Narrate that simple life, without any fail,
Formality's scourge, which did not least entail,

O fancy!, recast morn and eve scenes, all discreet,
O fleeting time!, run backward so as to retreat.



آتی ہے ندی فرازِ کوہ سے گاتی ہوئی
کوثر و تسنیم کی موجوں کو شرماتی ہوئی
آئنہ سا شاہدِ قدرت کو دکھلاتی ہوئی
سنگِ رہ سے گاہ بچتی گاہ ٹکراتی ہوئی
چھیڑتی جا اس عراقِ دل نشیں کے ساز کو
اے مسافر دل سمجھتا ہے تری آواز کو

لیلیِ شب کھولتی ہے آ کے جب زلفِ رسا
دامنِ دل کھینچتی ہے آبشاروں کی صدا
وہ خموشی شام کی جس پر تکلّم ہو فدا
وہ درختوں پر تفکّر کا سماں چھایا ہوا
کانپتا پھرتا ہے کیا رنگِ شفق کہسار پر
خوشنما لگتا ہے یہ غازہ ترے رخسار پر

اے ہمالہ! داستاں اُس وقت کی کوئی سنا
مسکنِ آبائے انساں جب بنا دامن ترا
کچھ بتا اُس سیدھی سادی زندگی کا ماجرا
داغ جس پر غازۂ رنگِ تکلّف کا نہ تھا
ہاں دکھا دے اے تصوّر پھر وہ صبح و شام تُو
دوڑ پیچھے کی طرف اے گردشِ ایّام تُو



ON RECEIVING A FLOWER PRESENT:

That accomplished beauty, when meadow she visits,
Animated each bud is, prayer it transmits.

She may select me O God!, from among flowers,
Brighter than the sun, soak with all praise showers.

From a twig she plucked thee, what a good fortune!.
Restless all rivals, for the act opportune.

After separation's chagrin, came consummation,
Thy life's essence, reached its sublimation.

My lotus, blissful for men of insight,
Pride of my youth's mead, source of delight.

For union, unfulfilled was its aspiration,
With none's colourful lapel, it made transpiration.

Never shall a spring, make it happy and gay,
Flower - plucker's wait, keeps it gloomy all day.



پھول کا تحفہ عطا ہونے پر

وہ مستِ ناز جو گلشن میں جا نکلتی ہے
کلی کلی کی زباں سے دعا نکلتی ہے

"الٰہی! پھولوں میں وہ انتخاب مجھ کو کرے
کلی سے رشکِ گلِ آفتاب مجھ کو کرے"

تجھے وہ شاخ سے توڑیں! زہے نصیب ترے
تڑپتے رہ گئے گلزار میں رقیب ترے

اُٹھا کے صدمۂ فرقت وصال تک پہنچا
تری حیات کا جوہر کمال تک پہنچا

مرا کنول کہ تصدّق ہیں جس پہ اہلِ نظر
مرے شباب کے گلشن کو ناز ہے جس پر

کبھی یہ پھول ہم آغوشِ مدّعا نہ ہوا
کسی کے دامنِ رنگیں سے آشنا نہ ہوا

شگفتہ کر نہ سکے گی کبھی بہار اسے
فسردہ رکھتا ہے گلچیں کا انتظار اسے



TO THE CUP-BEARER

Spring's gaiety, when arrived,
Foothill, into Eden thrived.

Lily, narcissus, rose rosy,
The first martyr's shroud gory.

World enveloped, in colour's haze,
In stone's vein, moved blood for days.

Bluish is space, nip is air,
Birds in nests, stay no longer.

Mount's rivulet, bouncing,
Bending, halting, oft - pouncing.

Leaping, slipping, and yet supporting,
Meandering way, all sporting.



ساقی نامہ

ہُوا خیمہ زن کاروانِ بہار اِرم بن گیا دامنِ کوہسار
گُل و نرگس و سُوسن و نسترن شہیدِ ازل لالہ خونیں کفن

جہاں چُھپ گیا پردۂ رنگ میں
لہُو کی ہے گردش رگِ سنگ میں

فضا نیلی نیلی، ہوا میں سُرور ٹھہرتے نہیں آشیاں میں طیُور
وہ جُوئے کُہستاں اُچکتی ہوئی اٹکتی، لچکتی، سرکتی ہوئی

اُچھلتی، پھسلتی، سنبھلتی ہوئی
بڑے پیچ کھا کر نکلتی ہوئی



When halting, a stone it tears,
Mount - piercing, it never spares.

Spring! bearer of red wine!,
For its message, I yet pine.

Give me that wine, to lift all veils,
As florescence, but rarely hails.

That ale, fusing life's urges,
Brightened is world, as passion surges.

That ale, soothing heart's vexation,
That makes, Nature's secrets revelation.

Mysteries' mantle, be undone,
And pit wagtail,[24] against falcon.[25]

---

24. A small bird with a wagging tail.

25. A bird of prey of a kind trained to hunt small game. The poet has very often used 'falcon' as a symbol.



رُکے جب تو سِل چیر دیتی ہے یہ　　پہاڑوں کے دل چیر دیتی ہے یہ

ذرا دیکھ اے ساقیِ لالہ فام!　　سُناتی ہے یہ زندگی کا پیام

پلا دے مجھے وہ مےِ پردہ سوز

کہ آتی نہیں فصلِ گُل روز روز

وہ مے جس سے روشن ضمیرِ حیات　　وہ مے جس سے ہے مستیِ کائنات

وہ مے جس میں ہے سوز و سازِ ازل　　وہ مے جس سے کُھلتا ہے رازِ ازل

اُٹھا ساقیا پردہ اس راز سے

لڑا دے ممولے کو شہباز سے



The ways of life, all but changed,
A new tune is, old rhythm deranged.

Europe's secret, ferreted out,
The juggler[26] feels a pinch of rout.

Wretched is, old politics' game,
Kings and nobles,[27] are but shame.

Capitalism's[28] age, gone asunder,
Show being over, no more juggler.

Awakened, drowsy Chinese[29] rushed,
Streams of, Himalaya gushed.

---

26. The European Imperialist.

27. Kings and nobles became outmoded because of the democratic order.

28. As Communisn was gaining ground in those dyas, inerefore Capitalism was threatened.

29. As the Chinese were opium-eaters, therefore they felt drowsy.



زمانے کے انداز بدلے گئے — نیا راگ ہے، ساز بدلے گئے
ہُوا اس طرح فاش رازِ فرنگ — کہ حیرت میں ہے شیشہ بازِ فرنگ

پُرانی سیاست گری خوار ہے
زمیں میر و سلطاں سے بیزار ہے

گیا دَورِ سرمایہ داری گیا — تماشا دِکھا کر مداری گیا
گراں خواب چینی سنبھلنے لگے — ہمالہ کے چشمے اُبلنے لگے



Broken Sinai, and Faran's[30] heart,
Moses, waiting for Light's[31] start.

A Muslim, astir with Monotheism,
Soft corner has, for Polytheism.[32]

Mysticism, culture and equity,
Among non-Arabs, each a deity.

Fact paled into, degeneration,
In traditions,[33] was lost the nation.

Preacher's oracle, source of joy,
It's dispirited, it's coy.

His speech has, logical force,
But all verbose, in his discourse.

---

30. The name of a mount near Macca.
31. Heavenly light.
32. It means worship of many gods.
33. Rites and rituals, not the real spirit of the religion.



دلِ طورِ سینا و فاراں دو نیم
تجلّی کا پھر منتظر ہے کلیم

مسلماں ہے توحید میں گرم جوش
مگر دل ابھی تک ہے زُنّار پوش

تمدّن، تصوّف، شریعت، کلام
بُتانِ عجم کے پجاری تمام!

حقیقت خرافات میں کھو گئی
یہ اُمّت روایات میں کھو گئی

لُبھاتا ہے دل کو کلامِ خطیب
مگر لذّتِ شوق سے بے نصیب!

بیاں اس کا منطق سے سُلجھا ہُوا
لُغت کے بکھیڑوں میں اُلجھا ہُوا



Mystic's zest, for religious weal,
Unrivalled in love, and in zeal.

In non - Arab notions, lost devotee,
In search of gradations, dazed is he.

Love's fire faded, what a wrong!,
Not Muslim, ashes' heap all along.

Regale cup - bearer, with old ale,
Let thy cask, now prevail.

Make me fly, with love's wing,
Into a glow - worm, my dust sling,

Free intellect, that's servile,
Young men be, teachers of senile.

Moist of nation, with rhythm's glee,
All life's sensation, but with thee.



وہ صُوفی کہ تھا خدمتِ حق میں مرد   محبت میں یکتا، حمیت میں فرد

عجَم کے خیالات میں کھو گیا   یہ سالک مقامات میں کھو گیا

بُجھی عشق کی آگ، اندھیر ہے

مسلماں نہیں، راکھ کا ڈھیر ہے

شرابِ کہن پھر پلا ساقیا   وہی جام گردش میں لا ساقیا!

مجھے عشق کے پَر لگا کر اُڑا   مری خاک جگنو بنا کر اُڑا

خِرد کو غلامی سے آزاد کر

جوانوں کو پیروں کا استاد کر

ہری شاخِ ملت ترے نم سے ہے   نفَس اس بدن میں ترے دم سے ہے



Give vexation, incitement,
Murtaza's[34] heart, Siddiq's[35] excitement.

Prick with arrow, my heart entire,
Breasts be lit, with a new desire.

May stars last, in firmament,
And night - wakers', temperament.

Give to youths, a burning passion,
My vision, and vexation.

From whirl, set my boat free,
To the static, give a spree.

Teach me secrets, of life and death,
From Thee in universe, nothing stealth.

---

34. Murtaza was the appellation of Hazrat Ali Ibne Abi Talib, the son-in-law of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) and the fourth Caliph of the Muslims.

35. Siddiq was the title of Hazrat Abu Bakr, the first Caliph of the Mulsims.



تڑپنے پھڑکنے کی توفیق دے　　　دلِ مرتضیٰؓ، سوزِ صدیقؓ دے

جگر سے وہی تیر پھر پار کر
تمنّا کو سینوں میں بیدار کر

ترے آسمانوں کے تاروں کی خیر　　　زمینوں کے شب زندہ داروں کی خیر
جوانوں کو سوزِ جگر بخش دے　　　مرا عشق، میری نظر بخش دے

مری ناؤ گرداب سے پار کر
یہ ثابت ہے تو اس کو سیّار کر

بتا مجھ کو اسرارِ مرگ و حیات　　　کہ تیری نگاہوں میں ہے کائنات



Eyes, heavy with, sleeplessness,
My heart reeky, with restlessness.

My mid - night, supplication,
At all places, lamentation.

My longings, and aspirations,
My hopes, and investigations.

Each moment, prone to reflection,
Gazelle's thoughts, meadow of expression.

My heart, my life's battle - field,
Sheet of certitudes, doubts' shield.

Dervish's assets are, cup - bearer,
With this indigence, I am richer.

To my fleet, squander it whole,
Dispose it all, pander it whole.



مرے دیدۂ تر کی بے خوابیاں مرے دل کی پوشیدہ بے تابیاں

مرے نالۂ نیم شب کا نیاز
مری خلوت و انجمن کا گداز

اُمنگیں مری، آرزوئیں مری اُمیدیں مری، جستجوئیں مری
مری فطرت آئینۂ روزگار غزالانِ افکار کا مرغزار

مرا دل، مری رزم گاہِ حیات
گمانوں کے لشکر، یقیں کا ثبات

یہی کچھ ہے ساقی متاعِ فقیر اسی سے فقیری میں ہُوں میں امیر
مرے قافلے میں لُٹا دے اسے لُٹا دے، ٹھکانے لگا دے اسے!



Ever flowing, ocean of life,
Each object shows, motion of life.

It has caused, growth of body's frame,
Smoke - wave hidden, in its flame.

Hard task, clay and water's mingling,
In struggle lay, its tingling.

Static and moving, all moments,
Fed up with, folds of elements.

Unity, locked in Plurality,[36]
Distinct, unique, in Reality.

Six - dimentional,[37] idol - place,
It alone has shaped, Somnath's[38] face.

---

36. The controversy of 'Wahdat-ul-Wajood' and 'Wahdat-ul-Shahood' existing for a long time.
37. All-pervading, existing everywhere.
38 A famous temple which has become a symbol of idolatory. Mahmood of Ghazna conquered it.



دما دم رواں ہے یمِ زندگی
ہر اک شے سے پیدا رمِ زندگی

اسی سے ہوئی ہے بدن کی نمود کہ شُعلے میں پوشیدہ ہے موجِ دُود
گراں گرچہ ہے صحبتِ آب و گِل خوش آئی اسے محنتِ آب و گِل

یہ ثابت بھی ہے اور سیّار بھی
عناصر کے پھندوں سے بیزار بھی

یہ وحدت ہے کثرت میں ہر دم اسیر مگر ہر کہیں بے چگوں، بے نظیر
یہ عالَم، یہ بُت خانۂ شش جہات اسی نے تراشا ہے یہ سومنات



From repetition, its nature free,
That thee not me, and me not thee.

Me and thee bring forth multitude,
In society, yet solitude.

Star, lightning, have its glimmer,
In gold, mercury and in silver.

Forests and acacia, that grow,
Thorns it has, all flowers' glow.

Mountains, broken with its power,
Gabriel[39] is trapped, houris[40] cower.

At places, silver - hued falcon,
Daubed in blood,[41] of pheasant's tendon.

---

39. The arch-angel of God.

40. Celestial female beings.

41. This couplet, as a matter of fact, reveals different dimensions and aspects of life. However, there are some interpreters of Iqbal's poetry who treat this couplet pregnant with symbolic meaning: the ascendancy of strong nations over weak ones.



پسند اس کو تکرار کی خُو نہیں
کہ تُو مَیں نہیں، اور مَیں تُو نہیں

من و تُو سے ہے انجمن آفریں — مگر عینِ محفل میں خلوت نشیں
چمک اس کی بجلی میں، تارے میں ہے — یہ چاندی میں، سونے میں، پارے میں ہے

اسی کے بیاباں، اسی کے ببُول
اسی کے ہیں کانٹے، اسی کے ہیں پھُول

کہیں اس کی طاقت سے کہسار چُور — کہیں اس کے پھندے میں جبریل و حور
کہیں جُرّہ شاہین سیماب رنگ — لہُو سے چکوروں کے آلُودہ چنگ



A pigeon, away from its nest,
Fluttering in net, with no rest.

Illusive are, peace and permanence,
Each atom agitates, in essence.

Being's caravan, not stand - still,
Fresh is each moment, with Being's thrill.

Life's secret, ye know aright,
Life is, but an urge for flight.

Ups and downs, it has witnessed,
Journey, not destination, stressed.

For life, journey but provision,
Journey Real, False station.

Ravelling, unravelling, its mirth,
In writhing, wriggling, ease on earth.



کبوتر کہیں آشیانے سے دُور
پھڑکتا ہُوا جال میں ناصبُور

فریبِ نظر ہے سکُون و ثبات — تڑپتا ہے ہر ذرّۂ کائنات
ٹھہرتا نہیں کاروانِ وجود — کہ ہر لحظہ ہے تازہ شانِ وجود

سمجھتا ہے تُو راز ہے زندگی
فقط ذوقِ پرواز ہے زندگی

بہت اس نے دیکھے ہیں پست و بلند — سفر اس کو منزل سے بڑھ کر پسند
سفر زندگی کے لیے برگ و ساز — سفر ہے حقیقت، حضَر ہے مجاز

اُلجھ کر سُلجھنے میں لذّت اسے
تڑپنے پھڑکنے میں راحت اسے



When it confronted, death's defiance,
Hard for life was, self - reliance.

In world requital, it descended,
Stalking death, life contended.

Multiples of Two, from Dual felled,
From desert and mount, army swelled.

Faded few flowers, from this twig,
Surfaced new flowers, from this twig.

Fleeting regard it, but peurile,
Revives the print, for a while.

Fast - moving, swift in action,
Till eternity, a ceaseless run.

Time, though fleeting, is day - chained,
The name of breath, released and detained.



ہُوا جب اسے سامنا موت کا
کٹھن تھا بڑا تھامنا موت کا

اُتر کر جہانِ مکافات میں
رہی زندگی موت کی گھات میں

مذاقِ دوئی سے بنی زوج زوج
اُٹھی دشت و کہسار سے فوج فوج

گُل اس شاخ سے ٹوٹتے بھی رہے
اسی شاخ سے پُھوٹتے بھی رہے

سمجھتے ہیں ناداں اسے بے ثبات
اُبھرتا ہے مِٹ مِٹ کے نقشِ حیات

بڑی تیز جولاں، بڑی زُود رس
ازل سے ابد تک رمِ یک نفس

زمانہ کہ زنجیرِ ایّام ہے
دَموں کے اُلٹ پھیر کا نام ہے



What's life current?, but a sword?
What is 'Self'?[42] the edge of a sword?

What is 'Self'? life's heart secret,
What is 'Self'?, awakening's all fret.

Sight - drunk, crazy for solitude,
In a drop, ocean's plenitude.

In darkness - light, shining with glee,
Springs from I - You, and yet free.

Its beginning precedes, follows end,
Limitless it is, at each end.

Ever - flowing, in Time's river,
For waves' buffets, it has liver.

Changing, paths of investigation,
Varying vision, at each sensation.

---

42. In the poetry of Iqbal, the word 'self' is frequently used as a symbol.



یہ موجِ نفَس کیا ہے تلوار ہے　　خودی کیا ہے، تلوار کی دھار ہے

خودی کیا ہے، رازِ درُونِ حیات
خودی کیا ہے، بیدارئ کائنات

خودی جلوہ بدمست و خلوت پسند　　سمندر ہے اک بُوند پانی میں بند
اندھیرے اُجالے میں ہے تابناک　　منِ و تُو میں پیدا، منِ و تُو سے پاک

ازل اس کے پیچھے، ابد سامنے
نہ حد اس کے پیچھے، نہ حد سامنے

زمانے کے دریا میں بہتی ہوئی　　سِتم اس کی موجوں کے سہتی ہوئی
تجسّس کی راہیں بدلتی ہوئی　　دمادم نگاہیں بدلتی ہوئی



Easy for it, each uphill task,
Unravelled is, each hurdle's mask.

Beginning and end, journey's nature,
The secret of, its nomenclature.

Moon - beam has glint, stone has flint,
Colourless it is, yet daubed in tint.

It bothers not, for more or less,
Ups and downs, digress, regress.

Since beginning, struggle's prisoner,
Came in Adam's clay, as shape - setter.

Seat of 'Self', rests in thy heart,
As eye's pupil, sky's - resort.



سبک اس کے ہاتھوں میں سنگِ گراں
پہاڑ اس کی ضربوں سے ریگِ رواں

سفر اس کا انجام و آغاز ہے　　یہی اس کی تقویم کا راز ہے
کرن چاند میں ہے، شرر سنگ میں　　یہ بے رنگ ہے ڈوب کر رنگ میں

اسے واسطہ کیا کم و بیش سے
نشیب و فراز و پس و پیش سے

ازل سے ہے یہ کشمکش میں اسیر　　ہوئی خاکِ آدم میں صورت پذیر
خودی کا نشیمن ترے دل میں ہے　　فلک جس طرح آنکھ کے تل میں ہے



To guard of 'Self', venom is that bread,
Which causes disgrace, and lowers head.[43]

If 'Self' preserved, blessed is that bread,
That one, which keeps, erect his head.

Ignore majesty of the master,[44]
Sustain "Self," shun slavery's[45] ways faster.

Of great worth, is that prostration,[46]
Other submission, but damnation.

This world, blend of, sound and sight,
This world, subjected to, death's blight.

---

43. The whole line reveals how the poet was a champion of the dignity of man.
44 Reference is here to the pomp and show of Mahmood's court.
45. Allama Iqbal was opposed to all forms of slavery.
46. The poet approved only submission to Almighty God, and to nobody else.



خودی کے نگہباں کو ہے زہرِ ناب

وہ ناں جس سے جاتی رہے اس کی آب

وہی ناں ہے اس کے لیے ارجمند   رہے جس سے دُنیا میں گردن بلند

فروفالِ محمود سے درگزر   خُودی کو نگہ رکھ، ایازی نہ کر

وہی سجدہ ہے لائقِ اہتمام

کہ ہو جس سے ہر سجدہ تجھ پر حرام

یہ عالم، یہ ہنگامۂ رنگ و صوت   یہ عالم کہ ہے زیرِ فرمانِ موت



Its eyes, ears idol - place,
Sheer Hedonism[47] is, life's grace.

Of 'Self', it's the first station,
Vagrant! it's not the destination,

From this mantle, not thy fire,
This world for thee, not thee for mire.

Advance, reduce mounts, to the base,
Undo magic of time, space.

"Self" is Lord's lion, its prey world whole,
Land too its hunt, its prey heaven's pole.

Many realms and worlds, unborn as yet,
From prick, being's conscience, unshorn as yet.

For thy attack, each a waiter,
For thy thought, gay in nature.

---

47. The Epicurean philosophy "Eat, Drink and be Merry".



یہ عالم، یہ بُت خانۂ چشم و گوش
جہاں زندگی ہے فقط خورد و نوش

خودی کی یہ ہے منزلِ اوّلیں
مسافر! یہ تیرا نشیمن نہیں

تری آگ اس خاکداں سے نہیں
جہاں تجھ سے ہے، تُو جہاں سے نہیں

بڑھے جا یہ کوہِ گراں توڑ کر
طلسمِ زمان و مکاں توڑ کر

خودی شیرِ مولا، جہاں اس کا صید
زمیں اس کی صید، آسماں اس کا صید

جہاں اور بھی ہیں ابھی بے نمود
کہ خالی نہیں ہے ضمیرِ وجود

ہر اک منتظر تیری یلغار کا
تری شوخیِ فکر و کردار کا



From Time's wheel, purpose revealed,
Thy 'Self' from thee, be not concealed.

Late or soon, thou art world victor,[48]
To tell what?, thy lot astir.

Words can't express, impending lot,
Blurred is mirror, image distinct not.

Lit a candle, in my breaths' fore,
No power in me, to write more.

'A hair's breadth, if I roll,
God's light shall burn me, as a whole.'

48. It's the firm belief of the poet that the ultimate victory would be of the suppressed class.



یہ ہے مقصدِ گردشِ روزگار
کہ تیری خودی تجھ پہ ہو آشکار

تُو ہے فاتحِ عالمِ خوب و زِشت
تجھے کیا بتاؤں تری سرنوشت

حقیقت پہ ہے جامۂ حرف تنگ
حقیقت ہے آئینہ، گُفتار زنگ

فروزاں ہے سِینے میں شمعِ نفَس
مگر تابِ گُفتار کہتی ہے، بس!

اگر یک سرِ مُوے برتر پرم
فروغِ تجلّی بسوزد پرم



PRAYER

To the Muslim's heart, give O Lord that inspiration,
That warms up heart, to soul it gives enervation.

To Faran Vale's each atom, brighten once more,
Give fire to the faith, to desire animation.

To one in fun lacking, give eyes all piercing,
Whatever I beheld, to others make revelation.

Expanse of a desert, be for a city-inured,
To the deer deviated, take to destination.

To desolate heart give, Resurrection's stirring,
To vacant camel-saddle, give Leila's collocation.



دُعا

یا رب! دلِ مسلم کو وہ زندہ تمنّا دے
جو قلب کو گرما دے، جو رُوح کو تڑپا دے

پھر وادیِ فاراں کے ہر ذرّے کو چمکا دے
پھر شوقِ تماشا دے، پھر ذوقِ تقاضا دے

محرومِ تماشا کو پھر دیدۂ بینا دے
دیکھا ہے جو کچھ میں نے اوروں کو بھی دکھلا دے

بھٹکے ہوئے آہو کو پھر سُوئے حرم لے چل
اِس شہر کے خُوگر کو پھر وسعتِ صحرا دے

پیدا دلِ ویراں میں پھر شورشِ محشر کر
اِس محملِ خالی کو پھر شاہدِ لیلا دے



In darkness of this age, to every aching heart,
To love give that spot, eclipsing moon's lumination.

Give self - respect of shore, freedom of the river,
Like pleiades be the objects, in their exaltation.

Let Love be undefiled, daring be the Truth;
Breast be lit with light, flask - like hearts' saturation.

Give a heart full of feeling, for those who are suffering,
For tumult of this day', give future's deliberation.

Of this deserted[49] mead, I'm nightingale moaning,
For effectiveness O God!, this is supplication.

---

49. To Allama Iqbal, the whole Muslim world appeared like a deserted meadow because it was subjugated by the Imperialists. As such, he regarded himself a wailing nightingale.



اس دور کی ظلمت میں ہر قلبِ پریشاں کو
وہ داغِ محبت دے جو چاند کو شرما دے

رفعت میں مقاصد کو ہمدوشِ ثریا کر
خودداریِ ساحل دے آزادیِ دریا دے

بے لوث محبت ہو بے باک صداقت ہو
سینوں میں اُجالا کر دل صورتِ مینا دے

احساس عنایت کر آثارِ مصیبت کا
امروز کی شورش میں اندیشۂ فردا دے

میں بلبلِ نالاں ہوں اک اُجڑے گلستاں کا
تاثیر کا سائل ہوں محتاج کو داتا دے!



CORDOVA MOSQUE

(Composed in the land of Spain, especially Cordova)

Chain of day and night, causes events manifold,
Chain of day and night, causes life-death untold.

Chain of day and night, two silken chords twined,
Reflects one's attributes, in apparel all extolled.

Chain of day and night, Eternity's lamentation,
Manifests one's ups and downs, all within its fold.

It puts thee to a trial, it puts me to a test,
Chain of day and night, a tester big and bold.

If ye below the level, if I fall short,
Death for thee an edict, me too within its hold.



مسجدِ قرطبہ

(ہسپانیہ کی سرزمین، بالخصوص قرطبہ میں لکھی گئی)

سلسلۂ روز و شب، نقش گرِ حادثات

سلسلۂ روز و شب، اصلِ حیات و ممات

سلسلۂ روز و شب، تارِ حریرِ دو رنگ

جس سے بناتی ہے ذات اپنی قبائے صفات

سلسلۂ روز و شب، سازِ ازل کی فغاں

جس سے دکھاتی ہے ذات زیر و بمِ ممکنات

تجھ کو پرکھتا ہے یہ، مجھ کو پرکھتا ہے یہ

سلسلۂ روز و شب، صیرفیِ کائنات

تو ہو اگر کم عیار، میں ہوں اگر کم عیار

موت ہے تیری برات، موت ہے میری برات



What else reality, of thy day and night?,
In tide of Time, day and night rolled.

Fleeting is, but skill's grandeur and perfection,
Each feat is short-lived, evasive is world in mould.

Decay for the first and last, decay for each creature,
Decay for old and new, decay a general feature.

Yet in this print, indelible is complexion,
A Godly man's deeds, have brought it to perfection,

Each act of the righteous, a fulfilment of love,
Love is life's essence, death is mere deception.

So swift is time's pace, transcending all space,
Love is a tide itself, it restrains regression.

In the Love's almanac, save the present age,
Nameless other ages, for their recollection.



تیرے شب و روز کی اور حقیقت ہے کیا
ایک زمانے کی رَو جس میں نہ دن ہے نہ رات

آنی و فانی تمام معجزہ ہائے ہُنر
کارِ جہاں بے ثبات، کارِ جہاں بے ثبات!

اوّل و آخر فنا، باطن و ظاہر فنا
نقشِ کہن ہو کہ نَو، منزلِ آخر فنا

ہے مگر اس نقش میں رنگِ ثباتِ دوام
جس کو کیا ہو کسی مردِ خدا نے تمام

مردِ خدا کا عمل عشق سے صاحبِ فروغ
عشق ہے اصلِ حیات، موت ہے اس پر حرام

تُند و سبک سیر ہے گرچہ زمانے کی رَو
عشق خود اک سَیل ہے، سَیل کو لیتا ہے تھام

عشق کی تقویم میں عصرِ رواں کے سوا
اور زمانے بھی ہیں جن کا نہیں کوئی نام



Love is Gabriel's Revelation[142], Mustafa's[50] heart is Love,
Love is God's Messenger, Love is Lord's Assertion.

With elixir of Love, clay's essence radiant,
Love is pure wine, Love is fortune's flexion.

Love is pulpit's preacher, love is legion's leader,
Love is way-farer, with many a digression.

Love is harp's plecturm, its string life entire,
Love is life's light, Love is life's fire.

O Cordova Mosque![51], Love is thy consummation,
Love is ever-flowing, it has no stagnation.

---

50. The appellation of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.).

51. Cardova or Cordoba is presently one of the principal cities of Spain. The Arabs had named it "Qurtuba", building there a beautiful city of Madina-tul-Zahra. Many important buildings, including the grand mosque of Cardova, still exist there. It was inaugrated by Abdul Rahman I, the then ruler of Spain, in 785 A.D. The mosque is now not in its original form. Allama Iqbal visited the site in 1933 and this poem was an outcome of his visit.



عشق دمِ جبرئیل، عشق دلِ مصطفیٰؐ
عشق خدا کا رسول، عشق خدا کا کلام
عشق کی مستی سے ہے پیکرِ گِل تابناک
عشق ہے صہبائے خام، عشق ہے کاس الکرام
عشق فقیہِ حرم، عشق امیرِ جنود ۸۶
عشق ہے ابن السبیل، اس کے ہزاروں مقام
عشق کے مضراب سے نغمۂ تارِ حیات
عشق سے نُورِ حیات، عشق سے نارِ حیات
اے حرمِ قرطبہ! عشق سے تیرا وجود
عشق سراپا دوام، جس میں نہیں رفت و بود



Whether it be harp or lute, whether word or sound,
Art attains perfection, with labour's application.

Endeavour makes one skilled, with heart stone chiselled,
Hard labour heart's joy, all music's vibration.

Thy expanse all-bracing, my tune breast-rending,
Heart's elixir thou art, I all animation.

Lofty is man's bosom, as much as empyrean,
A handful of dust, such indeed man's limitation.

Angels emitting rays, enjoy submission's grace,
But they are bereft of, passion of prostration.

I'm Indian heathen, look my zeal's fervour,
On lips adulation, and many a salutation.

My tune has a thrill, my song is all shrill,
Suffused is my being, with God's adoration.



رنگ ہو یا خشت و سنگ، چنگ ہو یا حرف و صوت
معجزۂ فن کی ہے خونِ جگر سے نمود

قطرۂ خونِ جگر، سِل کو بناتا ہے دل
خونِ جگر سے صدا سوز و سرور و سرود

تیری فضا دل فروز، میری نوا سینہ سوز
تجھ سے دِلوں کا حضور، مجھ سے دِلوں کی کشود

عرشِ معلّٰی سے کم سینۂ آدم نہیں
گرچہ کفِ خاک کی حد ہے سپہرِ کبود

پیکرِ نُوری کو ہے سجدہ میسّر تو کیا
اس کو میسّر نہیں سوز و گدازِ سجود

کافرِ ہندی ہُوں مَیں، دیکھ مرا ذوق و شوق
دل میں صلوٰۃ و دُرود، لب پہ صلوٰۃ و دُرود

شوق مری لَے میں ہے، شوق مری نَے میں ہے
نغمۂ اللہ ھُو میرے رگ و پَے میں ہے



Thy glory and grace, like a man upright,
Glory and grace he is, thou art gay and bright.

Thy base stable, columns innumerable,
As palms throng, in Syrian desert's twilight.

Radiant thy arches, with Aiman[53] Vale's lustre,
Thy raised minaret, aglow with Gabriel's light.

Never shall a Muslim be effaced, as it is;
Distinct from his prayer calls, Moses-Braham's secret might.

His land far exceeds, his horizon all recedes,
Tigris, Danube and Nile,[55] just billows all trite.

---

52. It is indeed a beautiful similie.

53. A valley of Mt. Sinai where Moses, one of the major prophets, witnessed the spectacle of the 'Light of God'.

54. Abraham was also one of the major prophets of Almighty God.

55. Tigris is an important river of Syria and Iraq; Dunbe is the main river of France and Nile is one of the major rivers whose water Sudan and Egypt share.



تیرا جلال و جمال، مردِ خدا کی دلیل
وہ بھی جلیل و جمیل، تُو بھی جلیل و جمیل

تیری بِنا پائدار، تیرے سُتوں بے شمار
شام کے صحرا میں ہو جیسے ہُجومِ نخیل

تیرے در و بام پر وادیِ ایمن کا نور
تیرا منارِ بلند جلوہ گہِ جبرئیل

مِٹ نہیں سکتا کبھی مردِ مسلماں کہ ہے
اس کی اذانوں سے فاش سرِّ کلیمؑ و خلیلؑ

اس کی زمیں بے حدود، اس کا اُفق بے ثغور
اس کے سمندر کی موج، دجلہ و دنیوب و نیل



His ages do not trail, so queer is his tale,
To life's perverse ways, he jolted with delight.

Good taste has cup-bearer, well-trained is cavalier,
His wine pure and sound, his sword a great fright.

Manly as a soldier, his armour faith confession,[56]
Under sword's shadow, his shelter faith confession.

Of faithful's secret, thou art a revelation,
His fervent day's fire, night's edification.

His station all lofty, his thought soars so high,
His rapture, his ardour, his yearning, his elation.

Divine prowess, the faithful's hand possesses,
Dominant, determined, deserving admiration.

56. In Islam, the confession of faith is made through 'Kalma' 'La Ilaha Il-lalah' which means 'There is no god but Allah (God)'. The other part of 'Kalma' is 'Muhammad-un-Rasool Allah' which means that 'Muhammad (p.b.u.h) is the Messenger of God;



اس کے زمانے عجیب، اس کے فسانے غریب

عہدِ کہن کو دیا اس نے پیامِ رحیل

ساقیِ اربابِ ذوق، فارسِ میدانِ شوق

بادہ ہے اس کا رحیق، تیغ ہے اس کی اصیل

مردِ سپاہی ہے وہ، اس کی زرہ 'لا اِلٰہ'

سایۂ شمشیر میں اس کی پنہ 'لا اِلٰہ'

تجھ سے ہوا آشکار بندۂ مومن کا راز

اس کے دنوں کی تپش، اس کی شبوں کا گداز

اس کا مقامِ بلند، اس کا خیالِ عظیم

اس کا سرور اس کا شوق، اس کا نیاز اس کا ناز

ہاتھ ہے اللہ کا بندۂ مومن کا ہاتھ

غالب و کار آفریں، کار کشا، کارساز



Light with clay blended, Lord-like[57] attributes,
His soul satiated[58] with, heart's gratification.

His hopes are fewer, but his aims are nobler,
His manners all charming, his looks fascination.

Soft in conversation, warm in pursuasion,
Chaste at heart in war or peace, man of dedication.[59]

This Godly man's faith, centre of Celestial Compass,[60]
The whole world is fancy, fantasy, fascination.

Wisdom's sublimation he is, Love's incarnation,
Within globe's orbit he is, warmth's inspiration.

---

57. Although composed of soul and clay, a person may cultivate in him Divine qualities if he submits himself to the Will of God with all sincerity and earnestness.
58. This man possesses such a satisfied heart that he craves for no material thing.
59. The poet sums up the qualities of a man of unflinching faith in this couplet and the couplet preceding to it.
60. As the centre of a compass is of prime value in almost all the geometrical problems without which no solution can be correct, similarly this Divine man's faith is the very axis on which rotate all the activities of his life.



خاکی و نوری نہاد، بندۂ مولا صفات

ہر دو جہاں سے غنی اس کا دلِ بے نیاز

اس کی امیدیں قلیل، اس کے مقاصد جلیل

اس کی ادا دل فریب، اس کی نگہ دل نواز

نرم دمِ گفتگو، گرم دمِ جستجو

رزم ہو یا بزم ہو، پاک دل و پاک باز

نقطۂ پرکارِ حق، مردِ خدا کا یقیں

اور یہ عالم تمام وہم و طلسم و مجاز

عقل کی منزل ہے وہ، عشق کا حاصل ہے وہ

حلقۂ آفاق میں گرمیِ محفل ہے وہ



As sacrosanct as Kaaba,[61] religion's splendour,
Resplendent in thee is, Spaniards' land's grandeur.
If under the heaven, there's a thing of beauty,
It is in Muslim's heart, exists not elsewhere.

Ah! those men of truth, those Arab warriors,
Good-natured were they, of truth a true picture.

Manifest from their reign, axiom all strange,
Poverty not royalty, pious man's treasure.

To the East, to the West,[62] with each look they trained,
Europe's gloom[63] they dispelled, with intellect's glamour.

---

61. The holiest of all places of the Muslims, Kaaba, is in Macca around which the Muslims Circumambulate each year. "Kaaba" also means the "most exalted" or "the most venerated". The poet pays glowing tributes the labour and workmanship of the workers of Cardova Mosque.
62. The Arabs were not only the masters of battle-fields but they were great inventors, discoverers and explorers. Thus, in all the fields of life they exercised their influence on the East as well as the West.
63. The Arabs were at the highest peak of progress in many branches of learning when Europe was sunk into the darkness of ignorance called the Dark Ages.

کعبۂ اربابِ فن! سطوتِ دینِ مُبیں
تجھ سے حرم مرتبت اندلسیوں کی زمیں

ہے تہِ گردُوں اگر حُسن میں تیری نظیر
قلبِ مسلماں میں ہے، اور نہیں ہے کہیں

آہ وہ مردانِ حق! وہ عَرَبی شہسوار
حاملِ ’خُلقِ عظیم‘، صاحبِ صدق و یقیں

جن کی حکومت سے ہے فاش یہ رمزِ غریب
سلطنتِ اہلِ دل فقر ہے، شاہی نہیں

جن کی نگاہوں نے کی تربیتِ شرق و غرب
ظُلمتِ یورپ میں تھی جن کی خِرد راہ بیں

---

64. According to the poet, the blood of the Arabs is still flowing into the veins of the Spaniards. That's why the Spaniards are even this day men of very many qualities.
65. Hazel eye adds enormously to the beauty of its possessor. Because of the mixture of Arab blood, many a Spaniard woman is of captivating beauty.
66. Yemen of the past was known for its exceptional favour. As the Yemenites became great champions of Islam, there is a narrative that the Holy Prophet prayed for them. As a result of that prayer, Yemen enjoyed a singular fragrance. It was the fragrance of Islam too.



What Spaniards this day are, but for their[64] blood,
Genial, social, simple, and with foreheads lustre.

To this day hazel eye,[65] is a common sight,
Pierced each heart, with lustful eye's gesture.

Fragrant with Yemen's[66] odour, gales of this land,
Resonant with the Hejaz tune, vales of this land.

In star's eye rest, thy land as sky,
For centuries prayer-calls, thy lands belie.

In which vale's station?, at whither destination?,
To which way lover's caravan, ready to ply?

---

64. According to the poet, the blood of the Arabs is still flowing into the veins of the Spaniards. That's why the Spaniards are even this day men of very many qualities.
65. Hazel eye adds enormously to the beauty of its possessor. Because of the mixture of Arab blood, many a Spaniard woman is of captivating beauty.
66. Yemen of the past was known for its exceptional flavour. As the Yemenites became great champions of Islam, there is a narrative that the Holy Prophet prayed for them. As a result of that prayer, Yemen enjoyed a singular fragrance. It was the fragrance of Islam too.



جن کے لہو کی طفیل آج بھی ہیں اندلسی
خوش دل و گرم اختلاط، سادہ و روشن جبیں

آج بھی اس دیس میں عام ہے چشمِ غزال
اور نگاہوں کے تیر آج بھی ہیں دل نشیں

بوئے یمن آج بھی اس کی ہواؤں میں ہے
رنگِ حجاز آج بھی اس کی نواؤں میں ہے

دیدۂ انجم میں ہے تیری زمیں، آسماں
آہ کہ صدیوں سے ہے تیری فضا بے اذاں

کون سی وادی میں ہے، کون سی منزل میں ہے
عشقِ بلا خیز کا قافلۂ سخت جاں!



Germany's Reformation,[67] stirred big commotion,
No traces it has left, for one to descry.

Of the holy priest,[68] loose was sanctity's tie,
Reason reigned supreme, other modes became wry.

Echoed reverberation, of French Revolution,[69]
Shaken was the Western world, vigourless to vie.

The Empire[70] called Roman, steeped in corruption,
With learning's revival, prospects were high.

The Muslim's soul this day, is restive same way,
Such is Divine secret, better tongue to tie.

---

67. The Reformation was an epoch-making religious event. Its leader was Martin Luther who had revolted against the Catholic Papal authority. As a result of that, Protestantism was born and subsequently it came to be established as a majority sect in the world of Christianity.
68. Almost the entire Papal heirarchy of the Roman Church had become corrupt and degenerated.
69. The French Revolution is still reckoned as the mother of all the revolutions. Its stirrings were witnessed in 1779 but the writings of philosophers like Voltaire and Rousseau had provided food for the revolution for a long time. In the famous book of Jean Jacques Rousseau, entitled 'Social Contract' the very first sentence "Man is born free, yet everywhere he is in chains" was so catchy and touching that it inspired the minds of men. Similarly, the slogan of "Liberty equality and fraternity" was also significant.
70. The Roman Church wielded absolute authority over all temporal and spiritual matters. But after some time whereas it degenerated in spiritual matters, it also started frowning upon new discoveries and inventions.

دیکھ چکا المنی، شورشِ اصلاحِ دیں
جس نے نہ چھوڑے کہیں نقشِ کہن کے نشاں

حرفِ غلط بن گئی عصمتِ پیرِ کنشت
اور ہوئی فکر کی کشتیِ نازک رواں

چشمِ فرانسیس بھی دیکھ چکی انقلاب
جس سے دگرگوں ہوا مغربیوں کا جہاں

ملّتِ رومی نژاد کہنہ پرستی سے پیر
لذّتِ تجدید سے وہ بھی ہوئی پھر جواں

روحِ مسلماں میں ہے آج وہی اضطراب
رازِ خدائی ہے یہ، کہہ نہیں سکتی زباں



Lo! what spurts out, of recess of this sea?
To which hue azure sky changes, with no cogent plea.

In mount vale's twilight, sunk are clouds deep,
[71] Badakhsahan's rubies, the sun has piled a heap.

Of peasant's daughter, simple but sad is the song,
For heart's desires, youth is nothing but neap.

O Kabir's flowing waters!, someone on thy bank,
Dreaming of other age, while he isn't asleep.

Behind fate's curtain, a novel world is certain,
In my furtive eyes, its morning scenes creep.

---

71. An Afghan province, known for its precious rubies, which are matchless in their colour and brilliance.
72. It's the name of a river which flows through Cordova. This river has its Arabic name as 'Vad-al Kabeer' while the Spanish call it 'Guadalquivir The Cordova Mosque is built on its north-western bank.



دیکھیے اس بحر کی تہ سے اچھلتا ہے کیا
گنبدِ نیلوفری رنگ بدلتا ہے کیا

وادیِ کہسار میں غرقِ شفق ہے سحاب
لعلِ بدخشاں کے ڈھیر چھوڑ گیا آفتاب

سادہ و پرسوز ہے دخترِ دہقاں کا گیت
کشتیِ دل کے لیے سیل ہے عہدِ شباب

آبِ روانِ کبیر! تیرے کنارے کوئی
دیکھ رہا ہے کسی اور زمانے کا خواب

عالمِ نو ہے ابھی پردۂ تقدیر میں
میری نگاہوں میں ہے اس کی سحر بے حجاب



Visage of thought shall pale, if I lift the veil,
For my novelty, thwarted 'll be Europe's[73] leap.

Bereft of strife, all death is that life,
Nation's soul thrives, when a crisis is deep.[74]

At point of sword, close to death is that nation,
Into each age's acts, if courage it has to peep.[75]

Unaccomplished all print, without strife,
Unfinished is song's lilt, without strife.

---

73. The poet says that he has such novel thoughts that in case he unfolds them all Europe's thoughts shall pale into insignificance.
74. In the opinion of Dr. Iqbal, that life is all death which has no struggle. Similarly, the poet is of firm belief that the flowering of a nation entirely depends upon its passing through a grave crisis.
75. That nation which doesn't account for her lapses, can never progress and prosper.



پردہ اُٹھا دوں اگر چہرۂ افکار سے

لا نہ سکے گا فرنگ میری نواؤں کی تاب

جس میں نہ ہو انقلاب، موت ہے وہ زندگی

رُوحِ اُمَم کی حیات کشمکشِ انقلاب

صُورتِ شمشیر ہے دستِ قضا میں وہ قوم

کرتی ہے جو ہر زماں اپنے عمل کا حساب

نقش ہیں سب ناتمام خُونِ جگر کے بغیر

نغمہ ہے سودائے خام خُونِ جگر کے بغیر



NATIONAL ANTHEM

China and Arabia ours, India our land,[76]
Muslims are we indeed, citizens of the whole of land.

With Monotheism's lustre, lit are our bosoms,
To wipe us out not so easy, if at all planned.

And in idol-house, that first Abode of God,[77]
Its sentinels are we indeed, by us it shall stand.
Nurtured 're we to the youth, under sword's shadow,
Our national emblem crescent's dagger,[78] a sign so grand.

With our prayer-calls, the Western vales reverberated,
To our incursions, none had mettle to withstand.

---

76. The poet does n't believe in the boundaries of countries. He has a cosmopolitan attitude and regards every one as a citizen of the world.

77. The Holy Kaaba, situated in Macca.

78. The dagger-shaped crescent which is the emblem of the Muslims.



ترانۂ ملّی

چین و عرب ہمارا ہندوستاں ہمارا
مسلم ہیں ہم وطن ہے سارا جہاں ہمارا

توحید کی امانت سینوں میں ہے ہمارے
آساں نہیں مٹانا نام و نشاں ہمارا

دنیا کے بت کدوں میں پہلا وہ گھر خدا کا
ہم اس کے پاسباں ہیں وہ پاسباں ہمارا

تیغوں کے سائے میں ہم پل کر جواں ہوئے ہیں
خنجر ہلال کا ہے قومی نشاں ہمارا

مغرب کی وادیوں میں گونجی اذاں ہماری
تھمتا نہ تھا کسی سے سیلِ رواں ہمارا



Never, never to the wrong, have we yielded Lord of Lords!,
Tested are we hundred times, at Thy Mighty hand.

Those days thou rememberest, O Orchard of Spain![79],
Inhabited was thy nook and corner, with our band.

O Wave of Tigris[80]! knowest us, thou too very well,
To thy river our's tale, is still fresh and bland.

For thee O Sacred[81] Land!, our lives we laid down,
Yet flowing into thy veins, the blood of our gland.

Hejaz's Chief[82] is verily, leader of our legion,
So sweet is his name, for those who understand.

How moving is Iqbal's song!, as if an outcry,
With same spirit suffused, our caravan well manned.

---

79. The poet is speaking here of the Muslim Spain.

80. One of the main rivers of Iraq which originates from Syria.

81. The land of Hejaz where Macca and Medina are situated.

82. The Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h.).



باطل سے دبنے والے اے آسماں نہیں ہم

سَو بار کر چکا ہے تُو امتحاں ہمارا

اے گلستانِ اندلس! وہ دن ہیں یاد تجھ کو

تھا تیری ڈالیوں پر جب آشیاں ہمارا

اے موجِ دجلہ! تُو بھی پہچانتی ہے ہم کو

اب تک ہے تیرا دریا افسانہ خواں ہمارا

اے ارضِ پاک! تیری حُرمت پہ کٹ مرے ہم

ہے خُوں تری رگوں میں اب تک رواں ہمارا

سالارِ کارواں ہے میرِ حجاز اپنا

اس نام سے ہے باقی آرامِ جاں ہمارا

اقبال کا ترانہ بانگِ درا ہے گویا

ہوتا ہے جادہ پیما پھر کارواں ہمارا



PROTEST

Should I be a loser, uncaring for gain?,
Surfeiting sorrow is, despondent I remain,
Nightingales' wistful song, be not a cause of pain,
Am I a flower?, friend!, so as to be inane,

Surging passions permit me, no longer for sway,
Plaint against God I have, I'm sorry[83] to say.

Known our submission, it's a fact aright,
Sufferings' tale we relate, not with much delight,
Symphonies are silent, such is our plight,
Wailings know no outlet, our lips so tight,

Protest of Thy faithful, listen but intently,
Thy lover's remonstrance, bear O God! gently.

83. As a creature of God, the poet was fully justified in protesting to Him for all the sufferings and privations that his entire community was subjected to. Thus, Allama Iqbal was pleading the case of the Muslims who as a whole were then an oppressed class.



شکوہ

کیوں زیاں کار بنوں، سود فراموش رہوں
فکرِ فردا نہ کروں، محوِ غمِ دوش رہوں
نالے بلبل کے سنوں اور ہمہ تن گوش رہوں
ہم نوا! میں بھی کوئی گل ہوں کہ خاموش رہوں
جرأت آموز مری تابِ سخن ہے مجھ کو
شکوہ اللہ سے خاکم بدہن ہے مجھ کو

ہے بجا شیوۂ تسلیم میں مشہور ہیں ہم
قصۂ درد سناتے ہیں کہ مجبور ہیں ہم
سازِ خاموش ہیں، فریاد سے معمور ہیں ہم
نالہ آتا ہے اگر لب پہ تو معذور ہیں ہم
اے خدا! شکوۂ اربابِ وفا بھی سن لے
خوگرِ حمد سے تھوڑا سا گلا بھی سن لے



Thy being had existed, since the eternity,
Never for flowers' bloom, breeze in perplexity,
Justice I invoke, Just of Just, O Majesty!,
With no morn wind, can fragrance spread in entirety?

For furthering Monothism, we suffered all pain,
Followers of Thy Prophet, were not insane.

Before our existence, strange was Thy world,
Stones were worshipped, trees as idols revered,
To the man's vision, each such object stirred,
Belief in unseen God, was all but unheard,

Thou knowest it well, none had uttered Thy name,
The might of Muslims, was the cause of Thy fame.



تھی تو موجود ازل سے ہی تری ذاتِ قدیم
پھول تھا زیبِ چمن پر نہ پریشاں تھی شمیم
شرطِ انصاف ہے اے صاحبِ الطافِ عمیم
بوئے گل پھیلتی کس طرح جو ہوتی نہ نسیم

ہم کو جمعیّتِ خاطر یہ پریشانی تھی
ورنہ اُمّت ترے محبوبؐ کی دیوانی تھی؟

ہم سے پہلے تھا عجب تیرے جہاں کا منظر
کہیں مسجود تھے پتّھر، کہیں معبود شجر
خُوگرِ پیکرِ محسوس تھی انساں کی نظر
مانتا پھر کوئی اَن دیکھے خدا کو کیونکر

تجھ کو معلوم ہے لیتا تھا کوئی نام ترا؟
قوّتِ بازوئے مسلم نے کیا کام ترا



Saljuks[84] and Turanis[85], in this world had abode,
Chinese in China, Sassanids[86] had own code,
In this habitation, Greeks had no different mode,
The Jews and the Christians, possessed no better bode,

Other than Muslims, who else waged war for Thy name?,
Other than Muslims, who else established Thy claim?.

For Thee and Thee alone, each battle had we wrought,
On lands very often, in rivers had we fought,
In Europe's all churches, prayer-calls had we sought,
To desert of Africa, Thy name had we brought,

To our eyes matched, no potentate's splendour,
In the sword shadow[87], we confessed faith with candour.

---

84. A tribe in central Asia.

85. Previously a separate state in the neighborhood of Iran.

86. The Sassandis were people who belonged to one of the principal tribes of Central Asia. The dynasty of Sassanids also ruled Iran from 226-641 A.D.

87. In the early days of Islam, the Muslims were great wielders of swords.



بس رہے تھے یہیں سلجوق بھی، تورانی بھی اہلِ چیں چین میں، ایران میں ساسانی بھی
اسی معمورے میں آباد تھے یونانی بھی اسی دنیا میں یہودی بھی تھے، نصرانی بھی
پر ترے نام پہ تلوار اُٹھائی کس نے
بات جو بگڑی ہوئی تھی وہ بنائی کس نے

تھے ہمیں ایک ترے معرکہ آراؤں میں خشکیوں میں کبھی لڑتے، کبھی دریاؤں میں
دیں اذانیں کبھی یورپ کے کلیساؤں میں کبھی افریقہ کے تپتے ہوئے صحراؤں میں
شان آنکھوں میں نہ جچتی تھی جہاں داروں کی
کلمہ پڑھتے تھے ہم چھاؤں میں تلواروں کی



So long had we lived, we lived for battles' rigour,
Nothing had we craved, excepting Thy splendour,
The sword we wielded, was never for self-power,
Our clash with this world, not for worldly glamour,

Had we passion for pelf, were we money-seekers?
We had been idol-sellers, not idol-breakers.

In all the battle-fields, we remained steadfast,
Men as brave as lion, could never dare last,
To each rebel against Thee, we made much aghast,
Sword was a vile thing, even cannon failed to blast,

Oneness of Providence, each heart we consummated,
Beneath slayer's dagger,[88] this message we stated.

---

88. Whereas many Muslims laid down their lives for the greater glory of Islam. Hazrat Hamza was one of them but the way Hazrat Imam Husain sacrificed everything that he possessed, that is a singular example in the annals of the Islamic history.



ہم جو جیتے تھے تو جنگوں کی مصیبت کے لیے
اور مرتے تھے ترے نام کی عظمت کے لیے

تھی نہ کچھ تیغ زنی اپنی حکومت کے لیے
سربکف پھرتے تھے کیا دہر میں دولت کے لیے؟

قوم اپنی جو زر و مال جہاں پر مرتی
بُت فروشی کے عوض بُت شکنی کیوں کرتی!

ٹل نہ سکتے تھے اگر جنگ میں اَڑ جاتے تھے
پاؤں شیروں کے بھی میداں سے اُکھڑ جاتے تھے

تجھ سے سرکش ہُوا کوئی تو بگڑ جاتے تھے
تیغ کیا چیز ہے، ہم توپ سے لڑ جاتے تھے

نقشِ توحید کا ہر دل پہ بٹھایا ہم نے
زیرِ خنجر بھی یہ پیغام سُنایا ہم نے



Speak!, who had tugged, iron-gate of Khyber?,[89]
Say!, who overpowered, estate of Caesar?,[90]
Of might of men, who was the smasher?,
Of armies of infidels, who was the slasher?,

Iran's sacred[91] fire, who else had extinguished?,
To God as the Sire, who else had distinguished?,

Was there a race, which cared much for Thee?,
For Thee suffered pains, with greatest possible glee?,
Whose sword did bring, infidels to their knee?,
Whose war-cries stirred, Thy world to such degree?,

Whose terror was it, that tremor idols felt?,
'God is One' they uttered, and instantly they knelt.

---

89. Hazrat Ali was the person who attained victory for the Muslims at the Battle of Khyber.
90. During the Caliphate of Hazrat Omar, many battles were successfully fought and a large area was brought under the Muslim domination.
91. Old Persia, now called Iran, was conquered by the army of the Muslims during the Caliphate of Hazrat Omar. That battle is called Qadsia.



تُو ہی کہہ دے کہ اُکھاڑا درِ خیبر کس نے
شہر قیصر کا جو تھا اُس کو کیا سر کس نے
توڑے مخلوق خداوندوں کے پیکر کس نے
کاٹ کر رکھ دیے کفّار کے لشکر کس نے
کس نے ٹھنڈا کیا آتشکدۂ ایراں کو؟
کس نے پھر زندہ کیا تذکرۂ یزداں کو؟

کون سی قوم فقط تیری طلب گار ہوئی
اور تیرے لیے زحمت کشِ پیکار ہوئی
کس کی شمشیر جہاں گیر جہاں دار ہوئی
کس کی تکبیر سے دنیا تری بیدار ہوئی
کس کی ہیبت سے صنم سہمے ہوئے رہتے تھے
منہ کے بل گر کے "ھُوَ اللّٰہُ اَحَد" کہتے تھے



If prayer - time came, when battle was raging,
Prayed Muslims of Hejaz, to Kaaba they facing,
Lowly and lords arrayed, a sight so amazing,
Between prince-plebeian[92], all distance mitigating,

The rich and the poor, the master and the slave,
Before Thee O God!, equal were lord and knave.

In each land we wandered, with utmost solemnity,
Flask-like we sauntered, with ale of Divinity,
Mount, desert[93] meandered, in Thy name's dignity,
Never we surrendered, to our own vanity,

Not desert to speak, river was n't free,
Ruffled by horses' hooves, was the Black Sea[94].

---

92. While offering prayers, all the Muslims get together and there is no distinction between lord and lowly at that time.
93. The reference is for most of the African countries.
94. Metaphorically, it may mean the land of heathens.



آ گیا عین لڑائی میں اگر وقتِ نماز
قبلہ رُو ہو کے زمیں بوس ہوئی قومِ حجاز

ایک ہی صف میں کھڑے ہو گئے محمود و ایاز
نہ کوئی بندہ رہا اور نہ کوئی بندہ نواز

بندہ و صاحب و محتاج و غنی ایک ہوئے
تیری سرکار میں پہنچے تو سبھی ایک ہوئے

محفلِ کون و مکاں میں سحر و شام پھرے
مئے توحید کو لے کر صفتِ جام پھرے

کوہ میں، دشت میں لے کر ترا پیغام پھرے
اور معلوم ہے تجھ کو، کبھی ناکام پھرے!

دشت تو دشت ہیں، دریا بھی نہ چھوڑے ہم نے
بحرِ ظلمات میں دوڑا دیے گھوڑے ہم نے



The wrong from existence, we obliterated,
From curse of slavery[95], we got man liberated,
We bowed to Thy House, there we prostrated,
With Thy Book[96] O Lord!, our hearts saturated,
Reprehensible we are, yet of being unfaithful?,
Loyal are n't we?, Thou art not Graceful.[97]

Among men of other faiths, there 're transgressors,
Humble folks exist too, haughty and merry-makers,
Mentally-sharp, dull-witted, many non-believers,
Hundreds are misguided, those abominators,
Blessed are all others, sundry house-dwellers,
Poor Muslims are alone, but the worst sufferers.[98]

95. On the eve of Hajjat-ul-Wida in the 11th Hijra, the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) made an address to a large number of pilgrims. That address is yet regarded as the Magna Carta of Islam. The Messenger of God wiped out the distinctions of colour, creed and caste in that address. He also abolished slavery.
96. The Holy Quran.
97. No longer considerate to the Muslims.
98. The Muslims were the worst sufferers all over the world. They were the most oppressed people, under the yoke of imperialism.



صفحۂ دہر سے باطل کو مٹایا ہم نے — نوعِ انساں کو غلامی سے چھڑایا ہم نے

تیرے کعبے کو جبینوں سے بسایا ہم نے — تیرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگایا ہم نے

پھر بھی ہم سے یہ گلہ ہے کہ وفادار نہیں

ہم وفادار نہیں، تُو بھی تو دِلدار نہیں!

اُمتیں اور بھی ہیں، ان میں گنہ گار بھی ہیں — عجز والے بھی ہیں، مستِ مئے پندار بھی ہیں

ان میں کاہل بھی ہیں، غافل بھی ہیں، ہشیار بھی ہیں — سینکڑوں ہیں کہ ترے نام سے بیزار بھی ہیں

رحمتیں ہیں تری اغیار کے کاشانوں پر

برق گرتی ہے تو بیچارے مسلمانوں پر



'Off the scene are Muslims', idols do merrily say,
Jubilant are they, Kaaba's vanguards gone away,
Benighted camel-drivers, too have lost way,
With Quran are gone, in broad light of day,

How gay Paganism! dost Thou realise?,
For Monotheism O God!, has n't Thou prize?.

It's not the plaint, that over-brimmed their treasure,
Uncouth are they indeed, in grace of demeanour,
What a pity! pagans enjoy worldly pleasure,
And Muslims are evaded, to promise of future,[99]

Thy grace gone, shorn are we of Munificence,
What has gone wrong? why not past Beneficence?

99. All the reward for the Muslims is in life Hereafter.



بُت صنم خانوں میں کہتے ہیں مسلمان گئے　　ہے خوشی ان کو کہ کعبے کے نگہبان گئے

منزلِ دہر سے اونٹوں کے حُدی خوان گئے　　اپنی بغلوں میں دبائے ہوئے قرآن گئے

خندہ زن کفر ہے احساس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں
اپنی توحید کا کچھ پاس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں

یہ شکایت نہیں، ہیں اُن کے خزانے معمور　　نہیں محفل میں جنھیں بات بھی کرنے کا شعور

قہر تو یہ ہے کہ کافر کو ملیں حور و قصور　　اور بیچارے مسلماں کو فقط وعدۂ حور

اب وہ الطاف نہیں، ہم پہ عنایات نہیں
بات یہ کیا ہے کہ پہلی سی مدارات نہیں۔



Deprived are Muslims, of worldly wealth and dower,
When at Thy Command, there's limitless power,
If Thou wishest, desert may change into bower,
And mirage of sand, gush into a surge of shower,

Foe's chiding, disgrace, all-grinding poverty,
Is abject misery, reward for loyalty?.[100]

How charming for others, is this temporal world?,
But alas! for us, it's a conjectural world,
With our departing, it's an infernal world,
Sans a Unified God, it's a banal world,

Except Thy own Being, nothing to us dearer,
Can a cup of ale be?, if there's no bearer?.

---

100. The whole couplet reveals the pathetic state of the Muslims.



کیوں مسلمانوں میں ہے دولتِ دنیا نایاب تیری قدرت تو ہے وہ جس کی نہ حد ہے نہ حساب

تو جو چاہے تو اٹھے سینۂ صحرا سے حباب رہروِ دشت ہو سیلی زدۂ موجِ سراب

طعنِ اغیار ہے، رسوائی ہے، ناداری ہے

کیا ترے نام پہ مرنے کا عوض خواری ہے؟

بنی اغیار کی اب چاہنے والی دنیا رہ گئی اپنے لیے ایک خیالی دنیا

ہم تو رخصت ہوئے اوروں نے سنبھالی دنیا پھر نہ کہنا ہوئی توحید سے خالی دنیا

ہم تو جیتے ہیں کہ دنیا میں ترا نام رہے

کہیں ممکن ہے کہ ساقی نہ رہے، جام رہے!



No more Thy assemblage, adorers are shorn,
No more nocturnal sighs, neither moans of morn,
Unflagging in love, Thy lovers do still yearn,
Driven out were they, those who were love-lorn,

Departed are lovers, with promise for future,[101]
Find them out, with fair-faced lustre.

Same is the look of Qais, same is Leila's,[102] pang,
In the land of Najd,[103] same frisking deers' gang,
Same is the throb of love, same is beauty's bang,
Same art Thou, same we, Thy Prophet lovers's clang,

Then what's the motive of, aimless indignation?,
For Thy lovers alone, why tormentation?.

---

101. While the temporal life of the Muslims is hopelessly miserable, the only hope of retribution lies in life Hereafter.

102. In Arabia of olden times, Qais known as Majnoon, was the lover of a girl named Leila. This love story is like that of Romeo and Juliet.

103. The land to the east of Hajaz, now a province of Saudi Arabia.



تیری محفل بھی گئی، چاہنے والے بھی گئے　　شب کی آہیں بھی گئیں، صبح کے نالے بھی گئے

دل تجھے دے بھی گئے، اپنا صلا لے بھی گئے　　آ کے بیٹھے بھی نہ تھے اور نکالے بھی گئے

آئے عشاق، گئے وعدۂ فردا لے کر

اب انھیں ڈھونڈ چراغِ رخِ زیبا لے کر

دردِ لیلیٰ بھی وہی، قیس کا پہلو بھی وہی　　نجد کے دشت و جبل میں رمِ آہو بھی وہی

عشق کا دل بھی وہی، حسن کا جادو بھی وہی　　امتِ احمدِ مرسل بھی وہی، تو بھی وہی

پھر یہ آزردگیِ غیرِ سبب کیا معنی

اپنے شیداؤں پہ یہ چشمِ غضب کیا معنی



Was Thee ever abondoned?, Prophet we went astray?
Idol-breaking given up?, its worship life's way?,
Was all love lost?, passions in distracted mind lay?,
Mode of Salman & Qarani[104], sequestered at a bay?,

Within our hearts, Thy glory's fire concealed,
As Ethiopia's Bilal[105], Islam is life's shield.

Admitted, that love has lost, its past blandishment,
Confession, submission, reduced to ravishment,
Restless heart undirected, there's no furnishment,
Loyalty's chain loose, fickleness embellishment,

Oft with us, oft with others, closeness persistent,
Not apt the remark, Thou too art Inconsistent.[106]

---

104 Hazrat Salman Farsi was one of the closest companions of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.); Hazrat Ovais Qarani too was his ardent lover and follower. He broke all his teeth out of sheer love for the Messenger of Islam when he heard that one of the teeth of the Prophet had given way.

105 Hazrat Bilal of Ethiopia was one of the closest companions of the Holy Prophet. He possessed such a magnetic and rich voice that he acted as the caller of daily prayer-calls.

106 It was on this remark that certain Muslim clergies branded the poet as an apostate.



تجھ کو چھوڑا کہ رسولِ عربیؐ کو چھوڑا؟ بُت گری پیشہ کیا، بُت شکنی کو چھوڑا؟
عشق کو، عشق کی آشفتہ سری کو چھوڑا؟ رسمِ سلمانؓ و اویسِ قرنیؓ کو چھوڑا؟
آگ تکبیر کی سینوں میں دبی رکھتے ہیں
زندگی مثلِ بلالِ حبشیؓ رکھتے ہیں

عشق کی خیر وہ پہلی سی ادا بھی نہ سہی جادہ پیمائیِ تسلیم و رضا بھی نہ سہی
مُضطرب دل صفتِ قبلہ نما بھی نہ سہی اور پابندیِ آئینِ وفا بھی نہ سہی
کبھی ہم سے کبھی غیروں سے شناسائی ہے
بات کہنے کی نہیں، تُو بھی تو ہرجائی ہے!



On Faran's high summits, faith ye accomplished,
Within flick of eye, many hearts ye ravished,
Barren were all hearts, then love's flame ye furbished,
To each soul with glow, most certainly ye lavished,

Why unlit today are breasts, by fire's flame?,
Can't Thou rememberest, wretched are we the same?.

In the land of Najd, why no commotion exists?,
Not for Leila's saddle, Qais' emotion exists,
Passion dissipated, no more devotion exists,
Forlorn is heart, for Thee no notion exists,

What a happy day! when Thy glamour revived,
What a blessed day! the day all fervour thrived.



اک اشارے میں ہزاروں کے لیے دل تو نے　　سرِ فاراں پہ کیا دین کو کامل تو نے

پھونک دی گرمیِ رخسار سے محفل تو نے　　آتش اندوز کیا عشق کا حاصل تو نے

آج کیوں سینے ہمارے شرر آباد نہیں

ہم وہی سوختہ ساماں ہیں، تجھے یاد نہیں؟

قیس دیوانۂ نظارۂ محمل نہ رہا　　وادیِ نجد میں وہ شورِ سلاسل نہ رہا

گھر یہ اجڑا ہے کہ تو رونقِ محفل نہ رہا　　حوصلے وہ نہ رہے، ہم نہ رہے، دل نہ رہا

اے خوش آں روز کہ آئی و بصد ناز آئی

بے حجابانہ سوئے محفلِ ما باز آئی



On river banks seated, others 'toxicated,
Wine-flasks nigh, with coo-melody elated,
Far from life's bustle, with peace of mind sated,
Eager for ecstasy, Thy lovers abated,

Infuse in Thy fans, an urge to be sparkling,
Kindle in hearts old fire, in no way startling.

All vagrants to Hejaz, are wending way again,
Ambition goads to action, no gain without pain,
Fragrance from flowers, earger for freedom to attain,
Give a touch, instrument ready for symphony's rain,

Melodies are restive, to be released from lyre,
Mount Sinai restless, to be lit with fire.



بادہ کش غیر ہیں گلشن میں لبِ جُو بیٹھے — سُنتے ہیں جام بکف نغمۂ کُوکُو بیٹھے

دُور ہنگامۂ گلزار سے یک سُو بیٹھے — تیرے دیوانے بھی ہیں منتظرِ "ھُو" بیٹھے

اپنے پروانوں کو پھر ذوقِ خود افروزی دے

برقِ دیرینہ کو فرمانِ جگرسوزی دے

قومِ آوارہ عناں تاب ہے پھر سُوئے حجاز — لے اُڑا بُلبلِ بے پر کو مذاقِ پرواز

مضطرب باغ کے ہر غنچے میں ہے بُوئے نیاز — تُو ذرا چھیڑ تو دے، تشنۂ مضراب ہے ساز

نغمے بیتاب ہیں تاروں سے نکلنے کے لیے

طُور مضطر ہے اُسی آگ میں جلنے کے لیے



Hardships of forgiven nation, may come to an end,
To Solomon's[107] grandeur, may tiny ant ascend,
With untainted love's aroma, may human heart blend,
To Islam's fold again, may all deviators[108] tend,

Bleeding for ages, hearts with burning desire,
With lancet are rent breasts, hence this surging fire.

Meadow's secret tarnished, flowers' fragrance belied,
What a pity! orchard's secrets, flowers spied,
Florescence time gone, orchards' gaiety died,
Singing brids parted, their love for meadow dried,

A nightingale[109] is busy, in lamentation,
In its bosom is, melody's fermentation.

---

107. A prophet and a king known for his wisdom.

108. Those whose fire of faith has subsided.

109. The poet regards himself a nightingale.



مُشکلیں اُمّتِ مرحُوم کی آساں کر دے
مُورِ بے مایہ کو ہمدوشِ سلیماں کر دے

جنسِ نایابِ محبّت کو پھر ارزاں کر دے
ہند کے دَیر نشینوں کو مسلماں کر دے

جُوئے خوں می چکد از حسرتِ دیرینۂ ما
می تپد نالہ بہ نشتر کدۂ سینۂ ما

بُوئے گُل لے گئی بیرونِ چمن رازِ چمن
کیا قیامت ہے کہ خود پھُول ہیں غمّازِ چمن!

عہدِ گُل ختم ہُوا ٹُوٹ گیا سازِ چمن
اُڑ گئے ڈالیوں سے زمزمہ پردازِ چمن

ایک بُلبل ہے کہ ہے محوِ ترنّم اب تک
اس کے سینے میں ہے نغموں کا تلاطم اب تک



Tender twigs of pine, turtle doves evaded,
Petals felt uneasy, therefore they faded,
Old orchard avenues, too became unshaded,
Foliage of the leaves, from branches was shredded;

Free was its nature, of weatheric strain,
In meadow alas!, responded none to pain.

Death is all distasteful, life has no leisure,
In being despondent, there lies real pleasure,
Untrammelled my talents, beyond any measure,
And many a splendour, in my heart's treasure,

Exist not sight-seers, in this very bower,
Ah! breast-stained tulips, have long ceased to hover.



قُمریاں شاخِ صنوبر سے گُریزاں بھی ہوئیں
پتّیاں پھُول کی جھڑ جھڑ کے پریشاں بھی ہوئیں

وہ پُرانی روِشیں باغ کی ویراں بھی ہوئیں
ڈالیاں پیرہنِ برگ سے عُریاں بھی ہوئیں

قیدِ موسم سے طبیعت رہی آزاد اس کی
کاش گُلشن میں سمجھتا کوئی فریاد اس کی!

لُطف مرنے میں ہے باقی، نہ مزا جینے میں
کچھ مزا ہے تو یہی خُونِ جگر پینے میں

کتنے بے تاب ہیں جوہر مرے آئینے میں
کس قدر جلوے تڑپتے ہیں مرے سینے میں

اس گُلستاں میں مگر دیکھنے والے ہی نہیں
داغ جو سینے میں رکھتے ہوں، وہ لالے ہی نہیں



110

A lonely bird's note it is, many hearts it may rend,
To this cry, vigilant their ears may lend,
Makers of a new pledge, to heights may ascend,
To the same old vintage, wine-lovers may tend,

If non-Arab is flask, Hejazi ale's thrill,
Indian though song, Arab my tune all shrill.

110. The poet uses this expression again for himself.



چاک اس بلبلِ تنہا کی نوا سے دل ہوں　　جاگنے والے اسی بانگِ درا سے دل ہوں

یعنی پھر زندہ نئے عہدِ وفا سے دل ہوں　　پھر اسی بادۂ دیرینہ کے پیاسے دل ہوں

عجمی خُم ہے تو کیا، مے تو حجازی ہے مری

نغمہ ہندی ہے تو کیا، لَے تو حجازی ہے مری!



REJOINDER TO PROTEST

From heart's core gushing, each word has its might,
No wing it has, but the power of flight,
Sacrosanct is that word, it has access to height,
From dust springing, it reaches heaven's light,

Crafty was my love, rebellious and unbent,
So bold my outcry, canopy it rent.

Hearing me, heaven[111] said if there was aught,
'Someone nigh empyrean' was the planets' thought,
'No', aloud said moon, 'an earthy man distraught,'
The milky-way suggested, 'right here on spot',

To Heaven's guard[112] all alone, clear was my plaint,
A Heaven's outcast[113] mistook me, for some taint.

---

111. The sky.
112. The guard of Heaven called 'Rizwan'.
113. Adam, the prototype of man, was thrown out of Heaven.



جوابِ شکوہ

دل سے جو بات نکلتی ہے اثر رکھتی ہے
پر نہیں، طاقتِ پرواز مگر رکھتی ہے
قدسی الاصل ہے، رفعت پہ نظر رکھتی ہے
خاک سے اُٹھتی ہے، گردوں پہ گزر رکھتی ہے
عشق تھا فتنہ گر و سرکش و چالاک مرا
آسماں چیر گیا نالۂ بے باک مرا

پیرِ گردوں نے کہا سُن کے، کہیں ہے کوئی
بولے سیارے، سرِ عرشِ بریں ہے کوئی
چاند کہتا تھا، نہیں! اہلِ زمیں ہے کوئی
کہکشاں کہتی تھی، پوشیدہ یہیں ہے کوئی
کچھ جو سمجھا مرے شکوے کو تو رضواں سمجھا
مجھے جنّت سے نکالا ہوا انساں سمجھا



The angels all amazed, what outcry it was!,
Heavenly beings did n't know, how sly it was!,
A man at Empyrean[114], thought not wry it was!,
This vile, shabby dust, but so high it was!,

How ignorant the humans?, lowly in manner,
How daring!, impudent, gruff in demeanour.

So blunt, arrogant he is, defying Being's[115] might,
To one whom angels oft prayed, is he the same wight[116]?,
All sentiments he is, with no wisdom, insight,
To submission unknown, what pitiable plight!,

Vainful are human beings, of power of oration,
Unskilled are they, in art of conversation.

---

114. The highest point of Heaven.
115. God, the Almighty.
116. In old English, wight means 'man'.



تھی فرشتوں کو بھی حیرت کہ یہ آواز ہے کیا
عرش والوں پہ بھی کھلتا نہیں یہ راز ہے کیا!

تا سرِ عرش بھی انساں کی تگ و تاز ہے کیا!
آ گئی خاک کی چٹکی کو بھی پرواز ہے کیا!

غافل آداب سے سکّانِ زمیں کیسے ہیں
شوخ و گستاخ یہ پستی کے مکیں کیسے ہیں!

اس قدر شوخ کہ اللہ سے بھی برہم ہے
تھا جو مسجودِ ملائک، یہ وہی آدم ہے!

عالمِ کیف ہے، دانائے رموزِ کم ہے
ہاں مگر عجز کے اسرار سے نامحرم ہے

ناز ہے طاقتِ گفتار پہ انسانوں کو
بات کرنے کا سلیقہ نہیں نادانوں کو



The voice spake, 'How doleful is thy tale!,
'With tears all restless', now brimmed thy scale,
'Enveloped all sky is', the plaint ye did rail,
'How flippant thy tongue!', how saucy is wail!,

Thanks that ye lodged protest, with grace and sobriety,
But to worldly creatures, ye pitted with Almighty.

Magnanimous we are, but there's no partaker,
Whom to guide to path, there is no way-farer,
None deprived of training, but there's no gainer,
It's not the clay, that used to be Adam's shaper,

To one endeavoring, We bestow all majesty,
To truth-searching soul, a new world of novelty.



آئی آواز غم انگیز ہے افسانہ ترا　　اشکِ بیتاب سے لبریز ہے پیمانہ ترا

آسماں گیر ہوا نعرۂ مستانہ ترا　　کس قدر شوخ زباں ہے دلِ دیوانہ ترا

شکر شکوے کو کیا حُسنِ ادا سے تو نے

ہم سخن کر دیا بندوں کو خدا سے تو نے

ہم تو مائل بہ کرم ہیں کوئی سائل ہی نہیں　　راہ دکھلائیں کسے رہروِ منزل ہی نہیں

تربیت عام تو ہے جوہرِ قابل ہی نہیں　　جس سے تعمیر ہو آدم کی یہ وہ گِل ہی نہیں

کوئی قابل ہو تو ہم شانِ کئی دیتے ہیں

ڈھونڈنے والوں کو دنیا بھی نئی دیتے ہیں



Powerless 're the arms, breasts apostasy brace,
Prophet's followers are, the cause of his disgrace,
Idol-breakers gone, idol-makers crave grace,
Righteous was Abraham, sons unworthy of race,

New are cups, new cup-bearers, novel too is ale,
You worship new idols, without any fail.

Those were the days, We were all adoration,
Source of joy were We, cause of exultation,
Each Muslim did love Us, with utmost veneration,
This Inconsistent, once a means of inspiration,

Be servile to a God, who is focalised,
Let Mohammad's nation be, but localised.[117]

117. Islam came as a panacea for the entire mankind and not for any particular tribe or region.



ہاتھ بے زور ہیں، الحاد سے دل خوگر ہیں
اُمّتی باعثِ رسوائیِ پیغمبرؐ ہیں
بُت شکن اُٹھ گئے، باقی جو رہے بُت گر ہیں
تھا براہیم پدر اور پسر آزر ہیں

بادہ آشام نئے، بادہ نیا، خُم بھی نئے
حرمِ کعبہ نیا، بُت بھی نئے، تُم بھی نئے

وہ بھی دن تھے کہ یہی مایۂ رعنائی تھا
نازشِ موسمِ گل لالۂ صحرائی تھا
جو مسلمان تھا، اللہ کا سودائی تھا
کبھی محبوب تمھارا یہی ہرجائی تھا

کسی یکجائی سے اب عہدِ غلامی کر لو
ملّتِ احمدِ مرسل کو مقامی کر لو!



Rising early in morn, so heavy do you feel?,
A sweet thing sleep is, Our love has no weal,
For men of free nature, Ramzan's rigour a reel,
Without demur tell us, is it a fair deal?,

Religion is nation's sap, nothing save it you are,
Galaxy is stars' group, not a single star.

In no art and craft now, you 're well grounded[118];
You are ah! the nation, rudderless, unfounded,
Stunned you 're for long, yet feel not astounded,
To your own ancestors, an affront unbounded,

Profiteering from graves, you intend to let them,
Won't you sell idols, if perchance you get them?

118. This a realistic but horrid picture of the majority of present Muslims.



کس قدر تم پہ گراں صبح کی بیداری ہے   ہم سے کب پیار ہے! ہاں نیند تمھیں پیاری ہے

طبعِ آزاد پہ قیدِ رمضاں بھاری ہے   تمھی کہہ دو، یہی آئینِ وفاداری ہے؟

قوم مذہب سے ہے، مذہب جو نہیں، تم بھی نہیں

جذبِ باہم جو نہیں، محفلِ انجم بھی نہیں

جن کو آتا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن، تم ہو   نہیں جس قوم کو پروائے نشیمن، تم ہو

بجلیاں جس میں ہوں آسودہ، وہ خرمن تم ہو   بیچ کھاتے ہیں جو اسلاف کے مدفن، تم ہو

ہو نکو نام جو قبروں کی تجارت کرکے

کیا نہ بیچو گے جو مل جائیں صنم پتھر کے



The wrong from its very being, who obliterated?,
From the curse of slavery, who got men liberated,?,
Who bowed to Our House, who else prostrated?,
And with Our Book, who made hearts saturated?,

Your ancestors were they, what 're you but bane?,
Idly sitting and awaiting, future in vain.

Said what?, phrase of 'future promise' that ye uttered,
Even madness has a method, this remark ye heard?
Justice is the axis, on which rotates this world,
For luxury, an apostate's claim is but absurd,

None of you houri-lover, for stated causes,
Exists Sinai's splendour, there's no Moses.



صفحۂ دہر سے باطل کو مٹایا کس نے؟ نوعِ انساں کو غلامی سے چھڑایا کس نے؟
میرے کعبے کو جبینوں سے بسایا کس نے؟ میرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگایا کس نے؟
تھے تو آبا وہ تمھارے ہی، مگر تم کیا ہو
ہاتھ پر ہاتھ دھرے منتظرِ فردا ہو!

کیا کہا! بہرِ مسلماں ہے فقط وعدۂ حور شکوہ بے جا بھی کرے کوئی تو لازم ہے شعور
عدل ہے فاطرِ ہستی کا ازل سے دستور مسلم آئیں ہوا کافر تو ملے حور و قصور
تم میں حوروں کا کوئی چاہنے والا ہی نہیں
جلوۂ طور تو موجود ہے موسیٰ ہی نہیں



The whole nation shares, whether it be loss or gain,
When same is the Prophet, same faith-binding chain,
God, Kaaba and Quran, three pillars are the main,
United would be Muslims, if the least sane,

Sect clash a big evil, a curse is caste divide,
How can you propser, till these ills cast aside?.

Abjured has who?, the traditions of the Prophet?,
Whose expediency has, the standards unset?,
Who is aping others?, without the least pet,
Forefather's path who has left, without regret?,

Remorseless is your heart, your soul without lustre,
How heedless are you, to message of Messenger?.[119]

119. The Holy Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h).



منفعت ایک ہے اس قوم کی نقصان بھی ایک　　ایک ہی سب کا نبیؐ، دین بھی، ایمان بھی ایک

حرمِ پاک بھی، اللہ بھی، قرآن بھی ایک　　کچھ بڑی بات تھی ہوتے جو مسلمان بھی ایک

فرقہ بندی ہے کہیں اور کہیں ذاتیں ہیں

کیا زمانے میں پنپنے کی یہی باتیں ہیں

کون ہے تارکِ آئینِ رسولِ مختارؐ؟　　مصلحت وقت کی ہے کس کے عمل کا معیار؟

کس کی آنکھوں میں سمایا ہے شعارِ اغیار؟　　ہو گئی کس کی نگہ طرزِ سلف سے بیزار؟

قلب میں سوز نہیں، روح میں احساس نہیں

کچھ بھی پیغامِ محمدؐ کا تمھیں پاس نہیں



To mosques, regular visitors are, but the poor,
Ramzan's rigorous fasters are, but the poor,
Entrenched in faith, Our lovers are, but the poor,
Of your lapses, the concealers are, but the poor,

Wretched are but the rich, wealth-drunk, all-thriving,
For the down-trodden, religion's surviving.

Preachrs' firmness of faith, all but dissipated,
Fire of self, tongue's fluency much mitigated,
Prayer-call a rite, Bilal's way relegated,
Ghazali's[120] teachings, to Stoicism[121] degenerated,

Off the scene're worshipers, mosques are so complainant,
Extinct are pious men, there exists no savant.

---

120. Abu Hamid Muhammad Ibne Muhammad, known as Imam Ghazali (1058- 1111) A.D., was revivalist of Islam. He hailed from Toos, a town of Iran.
121. The philosophy of the Stoics. The stoics were the disciples of the philosopher Zern



جا کے ہوتے ہیں مساجد میں صف آرا، تو غریب
زحمتِ روزہ جو کرتے ہیں گوارا، تو غریب
نام لیتا ہے اگر کوئی ہمارا، تو غریب
پردہ رکھتا ہے اگر کوئی تمہارا، تو غریب

اُمرا نشّۂ دولت میں ہیں غافل ہم سے
زندہ ہے ملّتِ بیضا غُربا کے دم سے

واعظِ قوم کی وہ پختہ خیالی نہ رہی
برق طبعی نہ رہی، شعلہ مقالی نہ رہی
رہ گئی رسمِ اذاں، رُوحِ بلالی نہ رہی
فلسفہ رہ گیا، تلقینِ غزالی نہ رہی

مسجدیں مرثیہ خواں ہیں کہ نمازی نہ رہے
یعنی وہ صاحبِ اوصافِ حجازی نہ رہے



Extinct are the Muslims, there is a clamour,
We ask where existed, the Muslims of glamour?,
Hindus in culture, Christians in flavour,
Far worse than the Jews, in spirit and savour,

Syed you are, Mirza too, high-brow Afghan,[122]
Everything you boast to be, excepting Musalman.

In assertion of truth, a Muslim was so bold,
He knew no favour, on justice firm was his hold,
Modesty was his jewel, conscience he never sold,
Proverbial was his valour, his prowess untold,

Like the wine warmth, he was all effervescent,
In service a decanter, selfless and fervent.

---

at Athens. They preached the philosophy of indifference to pleasure and pain.

122. The division of Muslims into different tribes, sects and nationalities, as opposed to the teachings of Islam.



شور ہے، ہو گئے دنیا سے مسلماں نابود ہم یہ کہتے ہیں کہ تھے بھی کہیں مسلم موجود!

وضع میں تم ہو نصاریٰ تو تمدّن میں ہنود یہ مسلماں ہیں! جنھیں دیکھ کے شرمائیں یہود

یوں تو سیّد بھی ہو، مرزا بھی ہو، افغان بھی ہو

تم سبھی کچھ ہو، بتاؤ تو مسلمان بھی ہو!

دمِ تقریر تھی مسلم کی صداقت بے باک عدل اس کا تھا قوی، لوثِ مراعات سے پاک

شجرِ فطرتِ مسلم تھا حیا سے نم ناک تھا شجاعت میں وہ اک ہستیِ فوق الادراک

خود گدازی نمِ کیفیّتِ صہبایش بود

خالی از خویش شدن صورتِ مینایش بود



A lancet each Muslim was, for every shabby ill,
Action was his life's way, malady's instant pill,
His heart's courage in him, arm's strength did instil,
Afraid of death you are, he banked on Divine Will,

If a son can't retrace, footsteps of his father,
Can he be successor, when unbecoming rather?.

Easy-going you are, wine-bibber, gay,
Are you sure a Muslim?, is this Muslim's way?,
Haider's[123] content missing, Usman's[124] wealth by no way,
From your ancestors, spiritually gone away,

As the first-rate Muslims, they were venerated,
By rejecting Quran, you 're degenerated.

---

123. Another name of Hazrat Ali, one of the greatest personages in the Islamic history. He is known for his wisdom, bravery and contentment.

124. One of the closest companions of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.) and the Third Caliph of the Muslims.



ہر مسلماں رگِ باطل کے لیے نشتر تھا
اُس کے آئینۂ ہستی میں عمل جوہر تھا
جو بھروسا تھا اُسے قوّتِ بازو پر تھا
ہے تمھیں موت کا ڈر، اُس کو خدا کا ڈر تھا

باپ کا علم نہ بیٹے کو اگر ازبر ہو
پھر پسر قابلِ میراثِ پدر کیونکر ہو!

ہر کوئی مستِ مئے ذوقِ تن آسانی ہے
تم مسلماں ہو! یہ اندازِ مسلمانی ہے!
حیدری فقر ہے نَے دولتِ عثمانی ہے
تم کو اسلاف سے کیا نسبتِ روحانی ہے؟

وہ زمانے میں معزّز تھے مسلماں ہو کر
اور تم خوار ہوئے تارکِ قرآں ہو کر



Fray-mongers as you are, peace-makers were they,
Wrong-doers as you are, forgivers were they,
To glory's pinnacle, all do wish their way,
Fully sated their hearts, of no lure a prey,

To them matched Chinese throne, nor Persia's crown,
You are bibble-babble, to conscience you frown.

Suicide your way, dignity they maintained,
Brotherhood you bother not, they cherished and Sustained,
Men of words but you are, action they never abstained,
You tumble on ground, great heights they attained,

Living yet are their deeds, achievements not faded,
Shining their truth is, its lustre unshaded.



تم ہو آپس میں غضبناک، وہ آپس میں رحیم
تم خطاکار و خطابیں، وہ خطاپوش و کریم

چاہتے سب ہیں کہ ہوں اوجِ ثریّا پہ مقیم
پہلے ویسا کوئی پیدا تو کرے قلبِ سلیم

تختِ فغفور بھی اُن کا تھا، سریرِ کَے بھی
یونہی باتیں ہیں کہ تم میں وہ حمیّت ہے بھی؟

خودکُشی شیوہ تمھارا، وہ غیور و خوددار
تم اخوّت سے گریزاں، وہ اخوّت پہ نثار

تم ہو گُفتار سراپا، وہ سراپا کردار
تم ترستے ہو کلی کو، وہ گُلستاں بہ کنار

اب تلک یاد ہے قوموں کو حکایت اُن کی
نقش ہے صفحۂ ہستی پہ صداقت اُن کی



On horizon they dawned, with starry glimmer,
For charm of idols, they too felt love's tremor,
Forsaking their hearths, they tasted parting's rigour,
For slackness in action, they lost religious fervour,

From their moorings, cut off, emancipated,
From Kaaba expelled, in temple habilitated.

Desert's solitude to Qais, no longer appealing,
City-bred he became, strange to desert-dealing,
Habitation or not, for his mind is reeling,
Stripped be Leila's veil, of its very sealing,

Recorded be no protest, no reproach arraigned,
If love is untrammelled, why beauty be restrained?



مثلِ انجم اُفقِ قوم پہ روشن بھی ہوئے ۔ بُتِ ہندی کی محبت میں برہمن بھی ہوئے
شوقِ پرواز میں مہجورِ نشیمن بھی ہوئے ۔ بے عمل تھے ہی جواں دین سے بدظن بھی ہوئے

ان کو تہذیب نے ہر بند سے آزاد کیا
لا کے کعبے سے صنم خانے میں آباد کیا

قیس زحمت کشِ تنہائیِ صحرا نہ رہے ۔ شہر کی کھائے ہوا بادیہ پیما نہ رہے!
وہ تو دیوانہ ہے بستی میں رہے یا نہ رہے ۔ یہ ضروری ہے حجابِ رُخِ لیلا نہ رہے!

گلۂ جور نہ ہو، شکوۂ بیداد نہ ہو
عشق آزاد ہے کیوں حسن بھی آزاد نہ ہو!



Lightning is new age,[125] each dwelling on fire's flame,
Be it meadow or desert, its effect is the same,
Old nations 're new fire's fuel, what indeed a shame!,
Worst victims ah! the Muslims are, what a sordid game!,

Abraham faith's semblance, if today manifested,
Pageant of the same sort, fire could have presented.

Gardener! be not upset, at the garden's plight,[126]
Twigs are but to glitter, with rose-buds' light,
Meadow-sweepings shall see, no other day light,
Martyr's[127] blood has made, flowers' bloom[128] all bright,

Look for a while, auburn is the whole sky,
Rising sun's radiance, is dazzling each eye.

---

125. The age of new urges and challenges.
126. The pitiable condition of the Muslim world.
127. Those who fight in the way of God and lay down their lives for Him, their sacrifices are never wasted. The Holy Quran says that such men are alive and get their sustenance from God.
128. It's because of the blood of martyrs that the poet is perceiving novel promises in the Muslim world.



عہدِ نَو برق ہے، آتش زنِ ہر خرمن ہے
ایمن اس سے کوئی صحرا نہ کوئی گلشن ہے

اس نئی آگ کا اقوامِ کہن ایندھن ہے
ملّتِ ختمِ رُسُل شعلہ بہ پیراہن ہے

آج بھی ہو جو براہیمؑ کا ایماں پیدا
آگ کر سکتی ہے اندازِ گلستاں پیدا

دیکھ کر رنگِ چمن ہو نہ پریشاں مالی
کوکبِ غُنچہ سے شاخیں ہیں چمکنے والی

خس و خاشاک سے ہوتا ہے گلستاں خالی
گُل بر انداز ہے خُونِ شہدا کی لالی

رنگ گردُوں کا ذرا دیکھ تو عُنّابی ہے
یہ نِکلتے ہوئے سُورج کی اُفق تابی ہے



There are the nations, having labour's fruit attained,
Deprived are many, for nothing they have gained,
Hundred palms are there, some growing, some deranged,
In the womb of Nature, hundreds yet detained,

Islam's fruit is, a symbol of good fortune,
It's reward of toil, of time all opportune.

Sanctified art thou, with dust[129] of thy land,
That Joseph[130] art thou, each Egypt to withstand,
Never shall halt, thy caravan[131], thy band,
Save an outcry[132], no possession in thy hand,

A lamp's flick thou art, within smoking flames,
More concerned for Hereafter, with no present claims.

129. As long as the land remains, there is a fervent hope that the lot of its inhabitants will change for the better.
130. A prophet and a king of Egypt, but all chaste and virtuous.
131. Even though the Muslims were depressed all over the world, the poet had a robust hope that they would not be retarded in future.
132. The outcry of 'Allah-O-Akbar' (God is Great).



اُمتیں گلشنِ ہستی میں ثمر چیدہ بھی ہیں — اور محرومِ ثمر بھی ہیں، خزاں دیدہ بھی ہیں

سیکڑوں نخل ہیں، کاہیدہ بھی، بالیدہ بھی ہیں — سیکڑوں بطنِ چمن میں ابھی پوشیدہ بھی ہیں

نخلِ اسلام نمونہ ہے برومندی کا

پھل ہے یہ سیکڑوں صدیوں کی چمن بندی کا

پاک ہے گردِ وطن سے سرِ داماں تیرا — تُو وہ یوسف ہے کہ ہر مصر ہے کنعاں تیرا

قافلہ ہو نہ سکے گا کبھی ویراں تیرا — غیر یک بانگِ درا کچھ نہیں ساماں تیرا

نخلِ شمع استی و در شعلہ دود ریشۂ تو

عاقبت سوز بود سایۂ اندیشۂ تو



Thou shalt not cease, if Iran exterminated,
To intoxication, wine-flask not related,
From Tatar's[133] horrendous tale,[134] it's indicated,
Idolaters became Kaaba's guard, first-rated,

Of Divine Cause, thou art main support,
New age night, thou star, foggy in purport.

Assault on Bulgaria,[135] tumult all-rounded,
For heedless alarm it is, be not confounded,
No cause for sorrow, nothing to be astounded,
Self-respect's trial it's, of esteem unbounded,

Why art thou afraid?, foe's charger[136] can't deal a blow,
Potent is not the foe, Truth-light won't cease its glow.

---

133. The Mongol tribesmen who were great warriors. They swept over many parts of Asia and Europe. Chingez Khan and Halagu Khan belonged to that tribe.
134. Chingez Khan attacked and ravaged parts of the Muslim world but subsequently the Mongols became Muslims and became the custodians of Kaaba.
135. Germany attacked Bulgaria and thus the Ist World War started.
136. Charger originally means a warrior horse, here it stands for a tank



تُو نہ مِٹ جائے گا ایران کے مِٹ جانے سے
نشّۂ مے کو تعلّق نہیں پیمانے سے

ہے عیاں یورشِ تاتار کے افسانے سے
پاسباں مل گئے کعبے کو صنم خانے سے

کشتیِ حق کا زمانے میں سہارا تُو ہے
عصرِ نو رات ہے، دھندلا سا ستارا تُو ہے

ہے جو ہنگامہ بپا یورشِ بلغاری کا
غافلوں کے لیے پیغام ہے بیداری کا

تُو سمجھتا ہے یہ ساماں ہے دل آزاری کا
امتحاں ہے ترے ایثار کا، خودداری کا

کیوں ہراساں ہے صَہیلِ فرسِ اعدا سے
نُورِ حق بُجھ نہ سکے گا نفَسِ اعدا سے



To thy merit, nations' eyes are yet blind,
Thy need a must, for existence of mankind,
Pulsated is world, with thy warmth undefined,
World leadership[137] thy lot, unique in its kind,

Unfinished is the task, no room for much leisure,
Of the Divine Light, brimmed is the measure.

Odour-like caged, be free from captivity,
Fly with winds, be not in passivity,
Dust particle art thou, burst into activity,
Into tornado's tumult, from song's festivity,

With power of love, raise lowly to great height,
With Mohammad's name, illumine world with light.[138]

137. The oppressed people can't remain oppressed for ever. The poet is confident that a rosy future awaits them for world leadership.

138. So propitious and efficacious is the name of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.) that all darkness can be dispelled.



چشمِ اقوام سے مخفی ہے حقیقت تیری — ہے ابھی محفلِ ہستی کو ضرورت تیری

زندہ رکھتی ہے زمانے کو حرارت تیری — کوکبِ قسمتِ امکاں ہے خلافت تیری

وقتِ فرصت ہے کہاں، کام ابھی باقی ہے

نورِ توحید کا اتمام ابھی باقی ہے

مثلِ بُو قید ہے غنچے میں، پریشاں ہو جا — رخت بردوش ہوائے چمنستاں ہو جا

ہے تنک مایہ تو ذرے سے بیاباں ہو جا — نغمۂ موج سے ہنگامۂ طوفاں ہو جا!

قوّتِ عشق سے ہر پست کو بالا کر دے

دہر میں اسمِ محمدؐ سے اُجالا کر دے



Nightingale's melody, for flowers' beatitude,
This orchard called world, buds' smile in plenitude.
Cask and ale's soundness, for bearer's rectitude,
With no Monotheism, world will lose its certitude,

For his very being, pitched is tent of the sky,
Nature's pulse pulsates; life's wheels do ply.

[139] It's in vale, desert and field, places all mundane,
In tempo of tide, in fury of hurricane,
In China's town, Morocco's desert and plain,
Concealed in Muslim's faith, which is its main domain,

Majesty of this faith, to last till eternity,
Prophet's exaltation, at acme of dignity.

---

139. The Divine Light.



ہو نہ یہ پھول تو بلبل کا ترنم بھی نہ ہو   چمنِ دہر میں کلیوں کا تبسم بھی نہ ہو

یہ نہ ساقی ہو تو پھر مے بھی نہ ہو خم بھی نہ ہو   بزمِ توحید بھی دنیا میں نہ ہو، تم بھی نہ ہو

خیمہ افلاک کا استادہ اسی نام سے ہے

نبضِ ہستی تپش آمادہ اسی نام سے ہے

دشت میں، دامنِ کہسار میں، میدان میں ہے   بحر میں، موج کی آغوش میں، طوفان میں ہے

چین کے شہر، مراقش کے بیابان میں ہے   اور پوشیدہ مسلمان کے ایمان میں ہے

چشمِ اقوام یہ نظارہ ابد تک دیکھے

رفعتِ شانِ رَفَعنا لکَ ذِکرک دیکھے



Ethiopia, the land of blacks, the floral world,
Undying are martyrs, theirs' eternal world,
Sun-beam nurtured, within this crescent, coral world,
The lovers often call it, Bilal's tonal world,

Mercury-like tempered, universe with this name,
As immersed into an eye, is star's flame.

Love is thy sword, intellect is thy shield,
My seer! limitless power shalt thou wield,
Save God,[140] with thy slogan's fire, each one has reeled.
In essence if a Muslim, vast is thy field,

To Mohammad's adherence,[141] rests thy salvation,
Mean is this world, far higher thy destination.

---

140. The slogan used in Jehad.

141. In the considered opinion of the poet, the Muslims who were then an oppressed class, could regain their past glory provided they were faithful to the mission of Muhammad (p.b.u.h.).



مردمِ چشمِ زمیں یعنی وہ کالی دنیا   وہ تمھارے شہدا پالنے والی دنیا

گرمیِ مہر کی پروردہ ہلالی دنیا   عشق والے جسے کہتے ہیں بلالی دنیا

تپش اندوز ہے اس نام سے پارے کی طرح
غوطہ زن نور میں ہے آنکھ کے تارے کی طرح

عقل ہے تیری سپر، عشق ہے شمشیر تری   مرے درویش! خلافت ہے جہاں گیر تری

ماسوی اللہ کے لیے آگ ہے تکبیر تری   تو مسلماں ہو تو تقدیر ہے تدبیر تری

کی محمدؐ سے وفا تو نے تو ہم تیرے ہیں
یہ جہاں چیز ہے کیا، لوح و قلم تیرے ہیں



Within morn and eve's orbit, we're shackled creatures,[144]
Time-Shaper art Thou, moment's manifestation.

Premitted if I am, I ask Thee a question,
Existent is its answer, in no philosopher's dissertation.

So long I existed, under sky's canopy,
It pricked me like a thorn, without confirmation.

Unrestrained my speech, though I'm circumspect,
When soul is astir, with thought's reverberation.

Which is that Adam, whose Master Thou art?,
That Adam made of clay,[145] under canopy's elevation.

Rulers of the East are, **the White** Europeans,
Rulers of the West, for them money fulmination.

---

144. Helpless beings.
145. The negation of such a belief is in the Communistic ideology.
146. Such was the attitude of the European masters in Afro-Asian countries with their subjects as if they were not human beings but demi-gods while they cared a lot for the welfare of their own masses.



ہم بندِ شب و روز میں جکڑے ہُوئے بندے
تُو خالقِ اعصار و نگارندۂ آنات!

اک بات اگر مجھ کو اجازت ہو تو پُوچھوں
حل کر نہ سکے جس کو حکیموں کے مقالات

جب تک میں جِیا خیمۂ افلاک کے نیچے
کانٹے کی طرح دل میں کھٹکتی رہی یہ بات

گفتار کے اسلوب پہ قابو نہیں رہتا
جب رُوح کے اندر متلاطم ہوں خیالات

وہ کون سا آدم ہے کہ تُو جس کا ہے معبود
وہ آدمِ خاکی کہ جو ہے زیرِ سماوات؟

مشرق کے خداوند سفیدانِ فرنگی
مغرب کے خداوند درخشندہ فِلِزّات



With knowledge and skill's flash, the whole Europe is lit,
Yet darkness persists, as if animals' habitation,

In acrchitecture's beauty, in cleanliness, in elegance,
Better than chapel's building is, bank's foundation.[147]

In appearance it is trade, in reality a gamble,[148]
For one interest,[149] for millions sudden death, ruination.

This knowledge, this wisdom, this insight, this government,
Blood-suckers they are, with equality's education.

Joblessness, nudity, poverty and ale-drinking,
Big boons these are indeed, of Europe's subjugation.

That nation which is bereft of, Celestial Blessings,
Its excellence limit, electric power generation.

---

147. Because of commercial gains and profiteering, God is dethroned by Mammon.
148. A scathing criticism on the European trade and business.
149. The interest in the form of usury which is forbidden in Islam.



یورپ میں بہت روشنیِ علم و ہنر ہے

حق یہ ہے کہ بے چشمۂ حیواں ہے یہ ظُلمات

رعنائیِ تعمیر میں، رونق میں، صفا میں

گرجوں سے کہیں بڑھ کے ہیں بنکوں کی عمارات

ظاہر میں تجارت ہے، حقیقت میں جُوا ہے

سُود ایک کا لاکھوں کے لیے مرگِ مفاجات

یہ علم، یہ حِکمت، یہ تدبُّر، یہ حکومت

پیتے ہیں لہُو، دیتے ہیں تعلیمِ مساوات

بے کاری و عُریانی و مے خواری و اِفلاس

کیا کم ہیں فرنگی مَدنیّت کے فتوحات

وہ قوم کہ فیضانِ سماوی سے ہو محروم

حد اُس کے کمالات کی ہے برق و بخارات



When machines become masters, it's death for human heart,[150]
They throttle fellow feelings, creating desperation.

Traces somewhat exist, that here and there after all,
Fate has brow-beaten, endeavour and deliberation.

Shaken is the very foundation, of the ale-house,
Anxious are the revellers, feeling exasperation.

In eve's twilight, face's crimson is in sight,
Powder's glow it is, wine's fleeting sensation.

All-Powerful and Just art Thou, but in Thy world,
Labourer's life miserable,[151] with no inspiration.

The curse of capital worship,[152] how long will it persist?
Thy world is waiting for, the Day of Reparation.

---

150. Machines dehumanize human beings.

151. As the poet was a great champion of the down-trodden, irrespective of their caste, creed, or colour, he championed too the cause of the labourers who were yet the worst exploited classes. So the poet put his own feelings into the mouth of Lenin, although Communism had come to be established as a protector of the labourers. It was something different that the labour class remained the worst sufferer in Russia before the collapse of Communism.

152. Capitalism too, as opposed to Communism, is a great curse. That is why many states in the West have become social welfare states.



ہے دل کے لیے موت مشینوں کی حکومت

احساسِ مروّت کو کُچل دیتے ہیں آلات

آثار تو کچھ کچھ نظر آتے ہیں کہ آخر

تدبیر کو تقدیر کے شاطر نے کیا مات

میخانے کی بُنیاد میں آیا ہے تزلزُل

بیٹھے ہیں اسی فکر میں پیرانِ خرابات

چہروں پہ جو سُرخی نظر آتی ہے سرِشام

یا غازہ ہے یا ساغر و مینا کی کرامات

تو قادر و عادل ہے مگر تیرے جہاں میں

ہیں تلخ بہت بندۂ مزدور کے اوقات

کب ڈُوبے گا سرمایہ پرستی کا سفینہ؟

دُنیا ہے تری منتظرِ روزِ مکافات!



GOD'S COMMAND TO ANGELS

Awaken the poor, in chains who are bound,
Palaces of the rich, be razed to ground.[155]

Heaten slaves' blood, with passion of certainty,
Let falcon be a prey, let sparrow pound.

Democracy's order, is just round the corner,
Blot out ugly traces, that look unsound.[156]

Worthless is that field, which fails to feed farmer,
Set to fire, spike of wheat all around.[157]

---

155. Notice the revolutionary or rebel Iqbal at his acme of protestation against the cruel and unjust order prevailing in the world. The Conscience of God is pricked and he is commanding His angels to undo the unjust order.
156. In the opinion of the poet, democratic order might usher a new era and bring a happy change in the condition of life of the poor and the exploited.
157. What a revolutionary idea! The poet says that a field of corn incapable of feeding its farmer, deserves to be consigned to fire.



فرمانِ خدا

(فرشتوں سے)

اُٹھو! مری دنیا کے غریبوں کو جگا دو
کاخِ اُمرا کے در و دیوار ہلا دو

گرماؤ غلاموں کا لہو سوزِ یقیں سے
کُنجشکِ فرومایہ کو شاہیں سے لڑا دو

سُلطانیِ جمہور کا آتا ہے زمانہ
جو نقشِ کُہن تم کو نظر آئے، مٹا دو

جس کھیت سے دہقاں کو میسر نہیں روزی
اُس کھیت کے ہر خوشۂ گندم کو جلا دو



TO JAVED

(On the eve of his first hand-written letter from London)

In this land of love, create a place of celebrity,
Live with new morn and eve, in an age of activity,

If restless is thy heart, to unravel Nature's secrets,
With flowers' numb stillness, create oration's dignity.

Thy eyes not be dazzled, by Europe's false glamour,[162]
From India's earthen clay, carve flask of speciality.

A vine-twig[163] I am, my lyrics my grapes,
Extract red ale from these grapes,[164] with utmost dexterity.

Not richness but modesty,[165] is my way of life,
With no bargain of 'Self, earn a name in austerity.

---

162. As young men very often went to European countries for furtherance of higher studies, it was the apprehension of almost each Indian parent lest his son was affected by the artificialities and libertine ways of life in Europe.
163. A vine-twig laden with sweet grapes.
164. The poet advises his son to draw the maximum lesson from his poetry.
165. That poverty is far better in which self-respect is not injured.



جاوید کے نام

(لندن میں اُس کے ہاتھ کا لکھا ہوا پہلا خط آنے پر)

دیارِ عشق میں اپنا مقام پیدا کر
نیا زمانہ، نئے صبح و شام پیدا کر

خدا اگر دلِ فطرت شناس دے تجھ کو
سکوتِ لالہ و گُل سے کلام پیدا کر

اُٹھا نہ شیشہ گرانِ فرنگ کے احساں
سفالِ ہند سے مینا و جام پیدا کر

میں شاخِ تاک ہوں، میری غزل ہے میرا ثمر
مرے ثمر سے مئے لالہ فام پیدا کر

مرا طریق امیری نہیں، فقیری ہے
خودی نہ بیچ، غریبی میں نام پیدا کر!



IN MEMORIUM OF LATE MOTHER

For world's each atom, no escape from fate's determination,[166]
Helplessness and wretchedness are, in veil of deliberation.

Helpless is the sky, the sun and the moon, under constraint,
For velocity, the shooting stars come, under all restraint.

Defeatism is the end of bud, blossoming into flower.
For growth, even the fauna and flora, seem to have no power.

Whether it be conscience's voice, nightingale's song of pain,
Imprisoned is every thing, in the same universal chain.[167]

When secret of helplessness, is revealed unto the eye,
Perennial flow of tears ceases, in heart it gets dry.

---

166. In the English language, there is a saying "what is lotted, cannot be blotted". The doctrine of fatalism that all events are subjected to fate, and happen by unavoidable necessity.

167. Each and every object in the entire universe moves within its orbit and in accordance with the prescribed course for which it is designed. Thus, everything is subservient to the Will of the Designer. Therefore, there arises no question of volition.



والدۂ مرحومہ کی یاد میں

ذرّہ ذرّہ دہر کا زندانیِ تقدیر ہے
پردۂ مجبوری و بے چارگی تدبیر ہے
آسماں مجبور ہے، شمس و قمر مجبور ہیں
انجمِ سیماب پا رفتار پر مجبور ہیں
ہے شکست انجام غنچے کا سبو گلزار میں
سبزہ و گل بھی ہیں مجبورِ نمو گلزار میں
نغمۂ بلبل ہو یا آوازِ خاموشِ ضمیر
ہے اسی زنجیرِ عالم گیر میں ہر شے اسیر
آنکھ پر ہوتا ہے جب یہ سرِّ مجبوری عیاں
خشک ہو جاتا ہے دل میں اشک کا سیلِ رواں



In human heart, joy and sorrow's ember, never lasts long,
Only melody lingers, ebb and flow's pleasure, never lasts long.

Instruments are lore and wisdom, for sorrow and sigh,
A piece of diamond, the intuitive heart to lie.

Though in my orchard, exists no moisture of dew,
Red is not the substance of tears, my eyes brew.

Alas! known very well to me are, secrets of human pains,
My nature is so gentle, that never it complains.

My lips can't relate, the present tale, all benighted,
My heart not bewild'red, afflicted or delighted.

Thy portrait, O messenger!, that of constant wailing,
Ah! this assertion based, on my intellect unfailing.



قلبِ انسانی میں رقصِ عیش و غم رہتا نہیں
نغمہ رہ جاتا ہے، لُطفِ زیر و بم رہتا نہیں

علم و حکمت رہزنِ سامانِ اشک و آہ ہے
یعنی اک الماس کا ٹکڑا دلِ آگاہ ہے

گرچہ میرے باغ میں شبنم کی شادابی نہیں
آنکھ میری مایہ دارِ اشکِ عُنّابی نہیں

جانتا ہوں آہ، میں آلامِ انسانی کا راز
ہے نوائے شکوہ سے خالی مری فطرت کا ساز

میرے لب پر قصّۂ نیرنگیِ دوراں نہیں
دل مرا حیراں نہیں، خنداں نہیں، گریاں نہیں

پر تری تصویر قاصد گریۂ پیہم کی ہے
آہ! یہ تردید میری حکمتِ محکم کی ہے



From wailing's surfeit, existing is life's foundation,[168]
Ashamed is callous intellect, for pain's intonation.

With sighs of smoke's curls, my heart's mirror is bright,
With tears' gushes, apron's lapel knows no respite.

Wonder-struck I am, at thy alluring image,
Undimensional flight of time, with its visage.

To the past probably, she[169] did temper with the present,
And made me conversant, with childhood's urges latent.

Nurtured was the puking infant, when in thy bracing lap,
Unused was his prattling tongue, to letters' vigorating sap.

Now resounding is this world, with his brisk speech,
Priceless are the pearls, scattered on his eye's beach.

---

168. Khalil Jibran, a famous man of letters, said that the strength to face the odds of life lies far more in tear than in laughter. Iqbal goes a step farther when he says that wailings lay life's foundations.

169. The mother of the poet.



گریۂ سرشار سے بنیادِ جاں پائندہ ہے
دردکے عرفاں سے عقلِ سنگدل شرمندہ ہے

موجِ دودِ آہ سے آئینہ ہے روشن مرا
گنجِ آب آورد سے معمور ہے دامن مرا

حیرتی ہوں میں تری تصویر کے اعجاز کا
رُخ بدل ڈالا ہے جس نے وقت کی پرواز کا

رفتہ و حاضر کو گویا پا بپا اس نے کیا
عہدِ طفلی سے مجھے پھر آشنا اس نے کیا

جب ترے دامن میں پلتی تھی وہ جانِ ناتواں
بات سے اچھی طرح محرم نہ تھی جس کی زباں

اور اب چرچے ہیں جس کی شوخیِ گفتار کے
بے بہا موتی ہیں جس کی چشمِ گوہر بار کے



Erudition's sober talks, maturity of ripe age,
Majesty of worldly glory, false pride of youth's stage.

From life's high pedestal, we descend for a while,
In mother's graceful company, we are but peurile.

With much informal laughter, free from all worldly cares,[170]
Heaven is again the abode, away from sundry snares.

In the country ah!, who will now await my letter,
For want of my missive, whose heart will now smother.

I shall come with a plaint, when I visit thy grave,
In all mid-night prayers,[171] who'll wish for me to crave?

Thy training raised me, star-like in exaltation,[172]
Became my ancestor's house, seat of veneration.

---

170. Almost each mother is an incarnation of all virtues.
171. It is commonly believed that maternal prayers get Divine favour soon.
172. The poet is paying a glowing tribute to his bereaved mother.

عِلم کی سنجیدہ گفتاری، بڑھاپے کا شعور
دُنیوی اعزاز کی شوکت، جوانی کا غرور
زندگی کی اَوج گاہوں سے اُتر آتے ہیں ہم
صُحبتِ مادر میں طفلِ سادہ رہ جاتے ہیں ہم
بے تکلّف خندہ زن ہیں، فکر سے آزاد ہیں
پھر اُسی کھوئے ہوئے فردوس میں آباد ہیں
کس کو اب ہوگا وطن میں آہ! میرا انتظار
کون میرا خط نہ آنے سے رہے گا بے قرار
خاکِ مرقد پر تری لے کر یہ فریاد آؤں گا
اب دُعائے نیم شب میں کس کو مَیں یاد آؤں گا!
تربیت سے تیری مَیں انجم کا ہم قسمت ہُوا
گھر مرے اجداد کا سرمایۂ عزّت ہُوا



In being's book, how precious was thy life's page,[173]
For this world and Hereafter, thy teachings of a sage.

Services of thy love, for my life as a whole,
When serviceable I was, snapped was thy life's role.

That youth,[174] stately in stature, as a cypress tree,
As compared to me, he served thee in greater degree.

In life's all affairs, for me like a fort he is,
Thy true love's replica, my main support he is.

Like a hapless, helpless child, he is for thee wailing,
With impatience grief piled, he is for thee wailing.

In fields of our lives, implanted thee a seed,
With sorrow's pinch far more, grew love's intensity[175] indeed.

---

173. What a delightful image!
174. An allusion to the poet's brother.
175. Love of the poet for his mother became more intensified after her death.



دفترِ ہستی میں تھی زرّیں ورق تیری حیات
تھی سراپا دین و دُنیا کا سبق تیری حیات

عمر بھر تیری محبّت میری خدمت گر رہی
مَیں تری خدمت کے قابل جب ہُوا تُو چل بسی

وہ جواں، قامت میں ہے جو صُورتِ سروِ بلند
تیری خدمت سے ہُوا جو مجھ سے بڑھ کر بہرہ مند

کاروبارِ زندگانی میں وہ ہم پہلو مرا
وہ محبّت میں تری تصویر، وہ بازو مرا

تجھ کو مثلِ طفلکِ بے دست و پا روتا ہے وہ
صبر سے ناآشنا صبح و مسا روتا ہے وہ

تخم جس کا تُو ہماری کِشتِ جاں میں بو گئی
شرکتِ غم سے وہ اُلفت اور محکم ہو گئی



[176] A mourning place this world is ah!, for the young and the old,
How caged is man!, within yester and morrow's fold.

How difficult is life?, how easy is death?,
As rife is breeze in orchard, how creazy is death?.

There are quakes, lightnings, droughts, stern sufferings,[177]
How cruel[178] natural calamities!, how grave such occurings.

Death dances in poverty's hut, palace of prosperity,[179]
No orchard, dwelling, town free, from death's malignity.

Even within the Dead Sea, fury of death existing,
Ships succumb to surging waves, to lap of death subsisting.

Permissible is not the plaint, powerless all oration,
What is life?, a collar[180] heavy for neck's subjugation.

176. This world is full of sorrows and problems. Thomas Hardy, an eminent English novelist said, "Happiness is an occasional episode in the general drama of pain". Therefore, life for him was nothing but a general drama of pain.
177. The causes of pains for mankind.
178. The occurrence of natural disasters.
179. Whether rich or poor, each one is subjected to death.
180. A beautiful figure of speech.



آہ! یہ دُنیا، یہ ماتم خانۂ برنا و پیر
آدمی ہے کس طلسمِ دوش و فردا میں اسیر!

کتنی مشکل زندگی ہے، کس قدر آساں ہے موت
گلشنِ ہستی میں مانندِ نسیم ارزاں ہے موت

زلزلے ہیں، بجلیاں ہیں، قحط ہیں، آلام ہیں
کیسی کیسی دُخترانِ مادرِ ایّام ہیں!

کلبۂ افلاس میں، دولت کے کاشانے میں موت
دشت و در میں، شہر میں، گلشن میں، ویرانے میں موت

موت ہے ہنگامہ آرا قُلزمِ خاموش میں
ڈُوب جاتے ہیں سفینے موج کی آغوش میں

نے مجالِ شکوہ ہے، نے طاقتِ گفتار ہے
زندگانی کیا ہے، اک طوقِ گلو افشار ہے!



Nothing is in the caravan, except an outcry,
Nothing is life's price, except a tear-soaked eye.

The testing time shall not last long, although it stares,
Many ages yet to dawn, behind heaven's nine layers,

What if orchard's tulips and flowers, are bare-breasted?,
What if nightingales are, lamentation-arrested?.

Autumnal sigh in thickets cage, is in captivity,
Spring zephyr will make them verdant, till eternity.

What if our beings' fire, is hidden within the dust?,
No matter if the frame ephemeral, for the dust's crust.

Reduced to ashes is not, the end of life's fire,[181]
The pearl is fated not, to give way in its entire.

181. The real life is to start after the death.



قافلے میں غیرِ فریادِ درا کچھ بھی نہیں
اک متاعِ دیدۂ تر کے سوا کچھ بھی نہیں

ختم ہو جائے گا لیکن امتحاں کا دَور بھی
ہیں پسِ نُہ پردۂ گردُوں ابھی دَور اور بھی
سینہ چاک اس گلستاں میں لالہ و گُل ہیں تو کیا
نالہ و فریاد پر مجبور بُلبل ہیں تو کیا
جھاڑیاں، جن کے قفس میں قید ہے آہِ خزاں
سبز کر دے گی اُنھیں بادِ بہارِ جاوِداں
خُفتہ خاکِ پے سپر میں ہے شرار اپنا تو کیا
عارضی محمل ہے یہ مُشتِ غبار اپنا تو کیا

زندگی کی آگ کا انجام خاکستر نہیں
ٹُوٹنا جس کا مقدّر ہو یہ وہ گوہر نہیں



To Nature's bosom, love for life is so much vital,
Each living being is gifted, with urge for survival.

Prints of life, if icy death could obliterate,
Universe's Controller[182], would never let it oscillate.

If so commonly cheap, death then has no significance,
As for life's regular flow, sleep causes no hindrance.

O Unmindful! death's mystery is something else,
From temporariness of print, distinct is something else.

Mark of air on water's surface, is Heavenly sight,
It creates a bubble, overpowering waves' might.

In the recess of a wave, to bubble the air conceals,
To its own print, how cruelly then a blow it deals.

To the bubble, had the air, no power to regenerate,
So reckless would not have been, the air to disintegrate.

---

182. The Almighty God.



زندگی محبوب ایسی دیدۂ قدرت میں ہے
ذوقِ حفظِ زندگی ہر چیز کی فطرت میں ہے

موت کے ہاتھوں سے مٹ سکتا اگر نقشِ حیات
عام یوں اس کو نہ کر دیتا نظامِ کائنات

ہے اگر ارزاں تو یہ سمجھو اجل کچھ بھی نہیں
جس طرح سونے سے جینے میں خلل کچھ بھی نہیں

آہ غافل! موت کا رازِ نہاں کچھ اور ہے
نقش کی ناپائداری سے عیاں کچھ اور ہے

جنّتِ نظّارہ ہے نقشِ ہوا بالائے آب
موجِ مُضطر توڑ کر تعمیر کرتی ہے حباب

موج کے دامن میں پھر اُس کو چھُپا دیتی ہے یہ
کتنی بیدردی سے نقش اپنا مٹا دیتی ہے یہ

پھر نہ کر سکتی حباب اپنا اگر پیدا ہوا
توڑنے میں اُس کے یوں ہوتی نہ بے پروا ہوا



Of this practice what's the effect, on manner of creation?,
A proof this is, that air has the power of generation.

Immolation, each object of Nature, ever aspires,
For a better shape and order, an urge it inspires.

Ah! restive is mercury, stars higher than sky,
These sprightly sparks, night's gratitude their sigh.

Intellect seems overpowered, such is their duration,
In man's tale of evolution, a trice their mutation.

Towards sky is man ascendant, whose very sight,
More sacrosanct in purpose, than angels all bright.

Who is like a lit candle, for Nature's exposition?,
Thy sky but a dot, in expanse of disposition.

Restive is his silliness, for truthful, bold assertion,
A plectrum is his nail, for living symphony's expression.



اس روش کا کیا اثر ہے ہیئتِ تعمیر پر
یہ تو حجت ہے ہوا کی قوتِ تعمیر پر

فطرتِ ہستی شہیدِ آرزو رہتی نہ ہو
خوب تر پیکر کی اس کو جستجو رہتی نہ ہو

آہ سیمابِ پریشاں، انجمِ گردوں فروز
شوخ یہ چنگاریاں، ممنونِ شب ہے جن کا سوز

عقل جس سے سر بہ زانو ہے وہ مدت ان کی ہے
سرگزشتِ نوعِ انساں ایک ساعت ان کی ہے

پھر یہ انساں، آں سوئے افلاک ہے جس کی نظر
قدسیوں سے بھی مقاصد میں ہے جو پاکیزہ تر

جو مثالِ شمع روشن محفلِ قدرت میں ہے
آسماں اک نقطہ جس کی وسعتِ فطرت میں ہے

جس کی نادانی صداقت کے لیے بیتاب ہے
جس کا ناخن سازِ ہستی کے لیے مضراب ہے



Is the flame[183] inferior to, sparks of the sky?,
To the sun's supreme position, do the stars defy?.

Under the dust, how sleepless is flower-seed's eye?,
For growth how restless, how zealous does it lie?.

Flame of life which lies hidden, within the seed's breast,
It's bound for sprouting, for self-display all unrest!.

Grave's chilling coldness all useless, it can cause no sorrow,
Buried within the dust, its vexation lies thorough.

It comes out of grave, in shape of a lovely flower,
As if garment for life, death prepares with its power.

Enclosure is a grave in fact, of this hidden power,
Around the sky's neck, its nooses oft hover.

A revival is death indeed, of the fun of life,
An awakening from sleep it is, for ages all rife.

183. Here "flame" stands for a human being or human life.



شعلہ یہ کمتر ہے گردُوں کے شراروں سے بھی کیا
کم بہا ہے آفتاب اپنا ستاروں سے بھی کیا

تخمِ گُل کی آنکھ زیرِ خاک بھی بے خواب ہے
کس قدر نشوونما کے واسطے بے تاب ہے

زندگی کا شعلہ اس دانے میں جو مستور ہے
خود نمائی، خود فزائی کے لیے مجبور ہے

سردیِ مرقد سے بھی افسُردہ ہو سکتا نہیں
خاک میں دب کر بھی اپنا سوز کھو سکتا نہیں

پھُول بن کر اپنی تُربت سے نکل آتا ہے یہ
موت سے گویا قبائے زندگی پاتا ہے یہ

ہے لحد اُس قُوّتِ آشُفتہ کی شیرازہ بند
ڈالتی ہے گردنِ گردُوں میں جو اپنی کمند

✓ موت، تجدیدِ مذاقِ زندگی کا نام ہے
خواب کے پردے میں بیداری کا اِک پیغام ہے



To a flight-lover, there's no fear of flight,
Save a poised wing in the world, death causes no fright.

Men generally do say, for death's pang there is no cure,
With passage of time, separation wounds one can endure.

Heart knows not times sway, with sorrow tho' it throbs,
Unfettered is Chain's circle, the morn with eve hobnobs.

Such is time's sorcery, wailings are never-ending,
When Time's dagger forces parting, no balm for rending.

With a sudden calamity, when someone is beset,
Tears flow from human eyes, without any let.

With heart, wailings and outcries have their relation,
Heart's blood flows in form of tears, with no exaggeration.

Of power of forbearance, man is though deprived,
In his nature unknowingly, such a feeling has thrived.



خوگرِ پرواز کو پرواز میں ڈر کچھ نہیں
موت اس گُلشن میں جُز سنجیدنِ پَر کچھ نہیں

کہتے ہیں اہلِ جہاں دردِ اجل ہے لادوا
زخمِ فُرقت وقت کے مرہم سے پاتا ہے شفا

دل مگر، غم مرنے والوں کا جہاں آباد ہے
حلقۂ زنجیرِ صبح و شام سے آزاد ہے

وقت کے افسُوں سے تھمتا نالۂ ماتم نہیں
وقت زخمِ تیغِ فُرقت کا کوئی مرہم نہیں

سر پہ آجاتی ہے جب کوئی مصیبت ناگہاں
اشکِ پیہم دیدۂ انساں سے ہوتے ہیں رواں

ربط ہو جاتا ہے دل کو نالہ و فریاد سے
خونِ دل بہتا ہے آنکھوں کی سرشک آباد سے

آدمی تابِ شکیبائی سے گو محروم ہے
اس کی فطرت میں یہ اک احساسِ نامعلوم ہے



In no way man's essence, conversant with non-existence,
Though away from perception, indestructible this essence.

A speck of dust life is, with sorrow's flame rather,
Extinguished is this fire, with gay feeling's water.

Ah! this moan's restraint, is not negligence of stillness,
Consolation is this consciousness, not forgetfulness.

From the veil of East, when the lovely morning brightens,
From world's apron, smudges of night it whitens.

To tulips sorrow-faced, it sets them with a fire,
To tongueless winged creatures, it warms with a desire.

Free is music's cadence, from nightingale's cage of breast,
With hundreds of songs, the morning zephyr is all set.

The night - sleepers in orchard, in rivulet, in the hill,
With life animated, no longer standstill.



جوہرِ انساں عدم سے آشنا ہوتا نہیں
آنکھ سے غائب تو ہوتا ہے فنا ہوتا نہیں

رختِ ہستی خاک، غم کی شعلہ افشانی سے ہے
سرد یہ آگ اس لطیف احساس کے پانی سے ہے

آہ، یہ ضبطِ فغاں غفلت کی خاموشی نہیں
آگہی ہے یہ دل آسائی، فراموشی نہیں

پردۂ مشرق سے جس دم جلوہ گر ہوتی ہے صبح
داغ شب کا دامنِ آفاق سے دھوتی ہے صبح

لالۂ افسردہ کو آتش قبا کرتی ہے یہ
بے زباں طائر کو سرمستِ نوا کرتی ہے یہ

سینۂ بُلبل کے زنداں سے سرود آزاد ہے
سیکڑوں نغموں سے بادِ صبحدم آباد ہے

خُفتگانِ لالہ زار و کوہسار و رُود بار
ہوتے ہیں آخر عروسِ زندگی سے ہمکنار



As Nature's Law, comes after each eve, rays of morn,
Why not night of man's grave, be lit with glaze of morn?

My rich imagination, the whole universe may clamber,
Imprisoned is thy memory, in my heart's chamber.

My aching heart, with thy remembrance, is brimmed,
With prayers, as if Kaaba's atmosphere is rimmed.

Life is but a continuous, performance of duty,
Million mortal worlds it has, of brightness and beauty.

Of being's each stage, different are rites and conventions,
A test is life Hereafter, full of distentions.

Powerless are in fact, cruel and icy hands of death,
For the seeds of action, fairly conducive is its breath.

With Nature's light, frame of darkness not verily fraught,
Not so unauspicious is, the halo of human thought.



یہ اگر آئینِ ہستی ہے کہ ہو ہر شام صبح
مرقدِ انساں کی شب کا کیوں نہ ہو انجام صبح

دامِ سیمینِ تخیّل ہے مرا آفاق گیر
کر لیا ہے جس سے تیری یاد کو میں نے اسیر

یاد سے تیری دلِ درد آشنا معمور ہے
جیسے کعبے میں دُعاؤں سے فضا معمور ہے

وہ فرائض کا تسلسل نام ہے جس کا حیات
جلوہ گاہیں اُس کی ہیں لاکھوں جہانِ بے ثبات

مختلف ہر منزلِ ہستی کی رسم و راہ ہے
آخرت بھی زندگی کی ایک جولاں گاہ ہے

ہے وہاں بے حاصلی کشتِ اجل کے واسطے
سازگار آب و ہوا تخمِ عمل کے واسطے

نُورِ فطرت ظُلمتِ پیکر کا زِندانی نہیں
تنگ ایسا حلقۂ افکارِ انسانی نہیں



Far more resplendent than the moon, was indeed thy lustre,
Matched not, the morning star, thy errand far better.

May lightsome be thy grave, as the dawn all bright,
May thine earthy resting-place, be filled with all light.

May dew drops fall upon thy grave, with great jubilation,
May newly-grown vegetation, guard this habitation.



زندگانی تھی تری مہتاب سے تابندہ تر

خوب تر تھا صبح کے تارے سے بھی تیرا سفر

مثلِ ایوانِ سحر مرقد فُروزاں ہو ترا

نور سے معمور یہ خاکی شبستاں ہو ترا

آسماں تیری لحد پر شبنم افشانی کرے

سبزۂ نورُستہ اس گھر کی نگہبانی کرے



BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Works by Iqbal

Javed Iqbal, Ed., *Stray Reflections*, Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 199

L.A. Sherwani, *Speeches `Writings and Statements of Iqbal* (4th Edition), Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 1996.

Letter and Writings of Iqbal: Edited by Bashir Ahmad Dar, Karachi: Iqbal Academy Pakistan, 1969. pp. 78-79, 88-89.

Letters of Iqbal: Edited by Bashir Ahmad Dar, Lahore: Iqbal Academy Pakistan, 1979. pp. 146-147, 186-187.

Razzaqi, S.H. *Discourses of Iqbal*, Lahore, 1979

Speeches, Writings and Statements of Iqbal: Edited by Latif Ahmad Sherwani, Lahore: Iqbal Academy Pakistan, 1977, Rep. 1985, 1996.

The Development of Metaphysics in Persia: The Contribution to the History of Muslim Philosophy, Lahore: Bazm-i-Iqbal, 1964, 1983.

The Reconsturction of Religious Thought in Islam, Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 1989.

Thoughts & Reflections of Iqbal: Edited by Syed Abdul Vahid, Lahore: Sh. Muhammad Ashraf, 1964.

2. Works on Iqbal

Abdul Vahid, Syed, *Introduction to Iqbal*: Karachi: Pakistan Publications.

Ahmed Dr. Absar, *Concept of Self & Self Identity in Contemporary Philosophy*, Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 19

Arberry, A.J. *Notes on Iqbals Asrat-i-Khudi*, Ashraf, Lahore, 1952, 1968.

Atiya Begum, *Iqbal*, Lahore: Aina-i-Adab, 1969.

Dar, B.A. *A Study in Iqbal's Philosophy*, Ashraf, Lahore, 1944, 1971.

Dar, B.A. *Iqbal and Poet-Kartian Voluctrism*, Lahore, 1965.

Khalid Masood, *Iqbal's Reconstruction of Ijtihad*, Iqbal Academy, Lahore. 1996.

Khatoon, Jamilah, *The Place of God Man and Universe in the Philosophic System of Iqbal*, Iqbal Academy Karachi, 1963.

Malik, Hafeez *Iqbal: Poet Philosopher of Pakistan*, Colunbia University Press, NY, London, 1971.

Maruf, Dr. M. *Iqbal & his Contemporary Western Religious Thought*, Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 19 .

Metcalf Barbara, "Reflections on Iqbals "*Masjid Qurtuba*", in *Iqbal Centenary Papers*, vol. II, Punjab University, 1977.

Munawwar Prof. Muhammad, *Dimensions of Iqbal*, Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 1996.

Munawwar Prof. Muhammad, *Iqbal and Qur'anic Wisdon*, Iqbal Acdemy, Lahore, 1989.

Munawwar, M. *Iqbal-Poet Philosopher of Islam*, Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 199 .

Qaiser Dr. Nazir, *A Critique of Western Psychology and Psychotherapy -- Iqbal's Approach*, Iqbal Academy, Lahore. 199 .

Quraishi, Dr. Waheed, *Selections from the Iqbal Review* (2nd Edition) Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 1996.

Raschid, M.S., *Iqbal's Concept of God*, Kegan Paul, London, 1981.

Schimmel A., *Gabril's Wings*, Lahore: Iqbal Academy Pakistan, 1989.

Schimmel, A, "Iqbal's Persian Poetry" in *Persian* Poetry, Bibliotheca Persica, Albany, 1988, p. 423.

Sharif, M.M. *About Iqbal and His Thought*, Institute of Islamic Culture, 1964.

Sheikh, M.Saeed, *Studies in Iqbal's THought and Art*, Lahore, 1972.

Sheila Mecdonogh, "Mosque of Cordoba" in *Sword and the Sceptre*, ed. R. Hasan, Lahore, 1977, p. 347.



Vahid, S.A. *Iqbal, His Art and Thought*, Oxford University Press, Karachi, 1969.

Vahid, S.A. *Studies in Iqbal*, Ashraf, Lahore, 1976.

Waheed, K.A. *A Bibliography of Iqbal*, Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Karachi, 1965.

3. Works of Iqbal — In English Translation

Altaf Husain, *The Complaint and Answer*, Orientalia, Lahore, 1954

Arberry, A.J., *Iqbal's Complaint and Answer,* Sh. Muhammad Ashraf, Lahore, 1975

Arberry, A.J., *Javid Nama*, George Alen and Uwin, London, 1966.

Arberry, A.J., *Persian Psalms*, Sh. Mohammad Ashraf, Lahore, 1968.

Arberry, A.J., *The Mysteries of Selflessness,* John Murrey, London, 1952.

Arberry, A.J., *The Tulip of Sinai*, A long poem of *Piam-i-Mashriq*, Royal Indian Society, London, 1947.

Dar, Bashir Ahmad, *Address to Javid, A Word to New Generation*, S.M. Mir, Book Seller, Karachi, 1971.

Dar, Bashir Ahmad, *Gulshan-i-Raz-i-Jadid and Bandgi Nama,* Institute of Islamic Culture, Lahore, 1964.

Dar, Bashir Ahmad, *What Should then Be Done O People of the East*, Iqbal Academy, Pakistan, 1977.

Gilani, Saleem A., *The Mosque of Cordoba,* Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 1995

Hadi Husain, *A Message from the East*, Iqbal Academy, Karachi, 1977.

Hadi Husain, M., *The New Rose Garden of Mystery and the Book of Slaves*, *Gulshan-i-Raz-i-Jadid and Bandgi Nama*, Sh. Muhammad Ashraf, Lahore, 1969.

Jamil Naqvi, *The Traveller*, versified translation of the Persian Poem *Musafir*, Royal Book Company, Karachi, 1991.

Kabir, Q.A., *Armaghan-i-Hijaz*, versified translation, Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 1983.



Khalil, M.A.K., *The Call of the Marching Bell*, Translation of *Bang-i-Dara*, Tayyab Iqbal Printers, 1997.

Khushwant Singh, *Complaint and Answar*, versified translation, Oxford University Press, Delhi 981.

Kiernan, V.J., *Poems from Iqbal*, John Murrey, London 1955.

Mahmood Ahmad, Sh. , *Pilgrimage of Eternity*, *Javid Nama*, Institute of Islamic Culture, Lahore, 1961.

Maqbool Elahi, *The Secrets of Self*, versified translation of *Asrar-i-Khudi* Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 1986.

Mathew, D.J., *Iqbal: A Selection of Urdu Verses*, Text and Translation, Published by The School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, 1993.

Muhammad Ashraf, *Thus Conferred Satan*, *Iblis ki Majlis-i-Shurah*, Book House, Lahore, 1977.

Nagi, Anis, *Poems of Iqbal*, Maktaba-i-Jadid, Lahore, 1992.

Nicholson R.A., *The Secret of the Self*, Sh. M. Ashraf, Lahore, 1975.

Shah, Akbar Ali, *Gabriel's Wing*, Modern Book Depot, Islamabad, 1979.

Shah, Akbar Ali, *The Rod of Moses,* versified translation of *Zarb-i-Kalim* Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 1983.

Tariq, A. R., *Rubaiyat of Iqbal*, Sh. Gulam Ali, Urdu Bazar, Lahore, 1973.

Tariq, A.R, *Secrets of Ego*, *Asrar-i-Khudi* Islamic Book Service, Lahore, 1977.

Tariq, A.R., *Long Poems of Iqbal*, Sh. Gulam Ali, Urdu Bazar, Lahore, 1978.

Yaqub Mirza, *A Selection and Translation of Iqbaliat,* Iqbal Academy, Lahore, 1991.

Zulfiqar Ali Khan, Sir, *A Voice from the East,* Aziz Publishers, Urdu Bazar, Lahore, 1977.





IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN